

# SPANISH LETTERS:

*Historical, Satyrical, and  
Moral ;*

Of the F A M O U S

Don *Antonio de Guevara* :  
BISHOP of *Mondonedo*,  
Chief Minister of State, and  
Historiographer Royal to  
the Emperor *Charles V.*

Written by way of *Essay* on different  
Subjects, and every where inter-  
mixt with both *Raillerie* and *Gal-  
lantry*.

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*Recommended by Sir Roger L'Estrange, and  
made English from the best Original by  
Mr. Savage.*

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*Menos fuera.*

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T O

The Right Honourable

ARNOLD,

Earl of *Albemarle*, Viscount  
*Bury*, Baron of *Ashford*  
in *England*, and Baron  
*Keppel* in *Holland*, Master  
of His Majesty's Robes,  
&c.

My LORD,

**P**roductions of the Brain, like  
the Noble Fruit of the Vine,  
have always had the For-  
tune to be Coveted and Desir'd;  
Yet how Rich and Generous soever

A 2 the

## The Dedication.

*the Crop, the Stock it Sprang  
from, could never have arriv'd at  
sufficient Strength to sustain its  
own Weight, and Erect it self,  
had not Art found out Means to  
supply its Wants of Nature by re-  
clining it on, and propping it  
up with Trunks of abler Plants:  
So likewise the Generosity of the  
Great, in all Ages, has afforded  
comfortable Support to the Humble  
Self-dejected Writer, without which  
he must have continued a poor  
Groveling Reptile, expos'd to the  
Insults and Tramlings of Ig-  
norance and Barbarity.*

My LORD,

*'Tis the Sense of this Necessity  
has so often given Persons of  
highest Rank and Merit, the  
Trouble of this Nature; and  
which, I must needs own, has  
wholly*

## The Dedication.

*wholly directed me in this Address. Your Lordship could not reasonably expect to lie hid, after having been so Publickly and Honourably Pointed out, and Distinguish'd even by the Wisest, as well as Bravest Prince that ever fill'd our Throne: Nor, that the Muses should any longer forbear giving publick Testimony of their Satisfaction in the Advancement of Virtue and Merit. Permit me therefore, My Lord, to Congratulate both you and the Nation in the Happy Choice of our most Auspicious Sovereign, who has singled you out for a Title, which receives as much Lustre from your Person, as your Lordship derives from it.*

*The World may Envy, but can never Blame me, for this early Endeavour to Plant my self in so Rich a Soil as your Lordship's Favour;  
where*

## The Dedication.

where I may enjoy the Warmth of the Reflected Beams of that Sun, whose happy Influence not only ours, but even the greater Part of the European World, Rejoyce and Flourish under.

It was the Happiness of our Learned Author, whose Version is humbly offered to your Lordship, to be Favourite and Chief Minister to the greatest Heroe, as well as Prince of his Time ; and in that Right, My Lord, he seems very naturally to have a Claim to your Lordship's Protection, in whose Power it is to Introduce him to a Greater Heroe than any that Age could boast of ; A Prince whose happy Influence makes Virtue spring so fast at home ; and whose Prudence takes care to transplant Merit so from abroad, that, like the most curious Plants, both Honour and Illustrate our Island :

## The Dedication.

*Island : Among these your Lordship must needs be acknowledged the First and Most Deserving, even by those who envy your Fortune, whilst the Impartial, of which I am proud to profess my self one, with Joy Applaud, and wish a long Continuance of it. I am,*

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most

Humbly Obedient,

And Faithfully

Devoted Servant,

JOHN SAVAGE.

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## CORRIGENDA.

**I**N the greatest part of the Impression, *Page 1. Messieur* for *Messer*; *p. 13. l. 22. Reber* for *Remember*; *p. 14. near the bottom, Antaxerxes* for *Artaxerxes*; *p. 47. l. ult. alway* for *always*; *p. 131. l. 30. of* (left out;) *p. 139. l. 15. consulted* (left out) &c. which the Intelligent Reader may easily reconcile, there being ('tis hop'd). but few remaining.

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# Spanish Letters.

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## LETTER I.

*To Messer Perepollastre, an Italian, the Author's Friend; in which he proves how ridiculous a thing it is for a Man to be Powder'd and Perfum'd.*

Suspicious S I R, but my very good Friend,

**I**N the time of *Quintus Fabius*, then Master of the Knights, Two Noble Romans fought upon a set Challenge; and the one having cut off the others Arm, the Conqueror thus spoke to the Vanquish'd; *Unsay what you have hitherto Pretended, and Retract what you have impos'd upon me, or my cruel Sword shall silence your Unlucky Tongue.* To which the Wounded Person immediately Replied; *You speak rather like my Mortal Enemy, than a Roman Knight, since you think I have not a greater Regard to my Honour than my Life; for tho my Arm fail me to fight, yet my Heart still encourages me to die in Vindica-*

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tions



tion of a good Name. I have brought this ancient Example, Sir, as a Paralel to put you in mind of what I am almost asham'd to Express; That you Swore and Forswore your self about a Perfum'd Wash-ball, which you thought you had left in my Chamber, and which you would needs have me either to have stolen, or to have conceal'd or protected the Thief. And here you did not content your self with telling me the same thing over and over, but were also pleas'd to write me a Scandalous Letter, endicted, I suppose, by your Judgment, as it was sign'd by your own Hand: The Contents whereof were as full of unjust Reproaches, as they were void of Breeding and good Manners. Several Friends of yours, as also Neighbours of mine, have frequently inform'd me, you went Murmuring and Complaining to every Body about the Black Wash-ball; affirming, that in my Chamber you left it, and in my Trust you lost it; so that by your Letter you Challenge me, and by your Tongue Reproach me; But, with the aforesaid *Roman*, I must tell you, you neither speak like a Friend, nor treat me like a Christian; since you have a greater regard to a trifling Wash ball, than my Honour. Sir, upon this Occasion, I have neither determin'd to take notice of your Reproaches, nor to Answer your Letter with Heat, for I value my self much more upon the Habit I wear, than the Unspotted Race from whence I descend; because, I am well assur'd, at the general day of Account, it will  
not

not be so much Enquir'd into, whether I be-  
hav'd my self like a Gentleman, as if I liv'd  
like a Christian. The Arms that I do, or  
would always fight with are these, viz. The  
Headpiece of Patience, Shield of Hope,  
Sword of Abstinence, Gauntlets of Charity,  
and Breastplate of Humility; with which  
I dare die, and without which I will never  
live. But still providing, in this Case, I am  
unwilling to revenge the Affront offer'd me,  
yet it is not just you exclude me from giving  
my Opinion of it; which I intend to do here  
with all the Candour imaginable, and the  
least or no Reflection. Whatever Men do  
rashly or unadvisedly in this Bad World, pro-  
ceeds from small Prudence, and a superfluous  
Hope; for Passionate People ought rather to  
encline to what Reason persuades, than what  
Anger advises. *Seneca* in his first Book, *De  
Ira*, says, that 'tis almost needless to give  
Counsel to an Angry Person; for we know  
he has neither Ears to receive, nor Heart to  
digest, wholesome Instructions; but what is yet  
worse of all, the Words we only use to ap-  
pease, prove oftentimes means to fire him the  
more, because by them we do as it were  
bring into his Memory the source of his Dis-  
order. I speak this to you, Sir, that for the  
future you may neither be a trouble to your  
Friends, nor a scandal to your self, for you  
and I both know, that one Blot many times  
stains a whole Generation. A Vulgar Per-  
son's Crime ends with himself, when a Gentle-  
man's extends to all his Family; It clouds the

past, calls in question the present, and corrupts the Blood of all that are to come.

The Abbot *Casiano* relates, that a Holy Monk of *Scythia*, having been much Abus'd, in Words and Actions, by Pagans and Ill Men ; and at length being ask'd, *What Profit he got by his Christ ?* The Good Man immediately answer'd, *Is it not Profit enough that I am able to withstand your injurious Actions, and Pardon your Reviling Words ?* O Noble Expression, and worthy to be engraven in the Hearts of Men in indelible Characters, since it teaches us the true value of Patience, and how useful it is to Human Life ! How is he to be Esteem'd that Patience does not Govern ? What can he pretend to, that can't endure Reproaches ? How does he live that wants the use of Patience ? Of all the Moral Virtues, this is what we have occasion for every Moment ; so many and sudden Misfortunes happening in our Lives, that to Suffer and Endure are almost of the same Necessity as to Eat and Drink. Now if I had not been accusom'd, more than you, to bear with Injuries, and put the best Construction upon Words, at the same time, you writ me such reviling Language, and accus'd me falsely of so great a Crime, I might have presently Answer'd your Bloody Challenge, or sent some Body to have broke your Head ; and that, as well to punish your Rashness, as to vindicate my own Innocence. What belongs to War, the King is to determine ; What to the Commonwealth, the Law ; What to Conscience, the

the Confessor ; What to ones Estate, Justice ; but what to ones Honour, the Sword can only decide : For if it be just, Sinners Repent, it would not be unjust that false Witnesses should be Punish'd. But however, remembering I am a Christian and no Pagan, a Regular Priest and no Secular, a Gentleman and no Yeoman, I had much rather forget an Injury than Revenge it : For, as *Alexander* the Great was wont to say, *A Man had need of more Courage to Pardon a Friend, than to kill him.* If you had pleas'd to slander me with Stealing a handsom Parrot, a good Moufing Cat, a Thrush that could Talk, or *Canary* Bird that could Sing, perhaps I had been Guilty and not Angry ; and you found to be no Lyar ; because these are Trifles I often ask of my Friends, and if they won't give 'em, I steal 'em : But to steal a Wash-ball, good God ! sure 'twas what was never in my thoughts ; and a perfum'd one too, as I understand yours to be ! Why, if I had stolen it, I could never have carried it away, or at least given it to any body ; and that, either out of regard to my Conscience or my Modesty. To wear Scents, and Pride one self in Perfumes, although it be no great Sin, yet it is a superfluous Charge ; and it would be much more commendable for so accomplish'd a Gentleman as you, to value himself upon the Blood he lost in the Wars of *Africk*, rather than the Musk and Civet he bought at *Medina*. As all Women naturally have some unpleasing Scents, they alone may be allow'd

to smell well, tho not to live ill ; for if their Manners don't exceed their Civet Bags, they cannot properly be said to be Well-bred. Let your Wash ball be never so well scented, a F—t will outsmell it ; for as good Fame travels rarely farther than a Kingdom, Ill goes all over the World. Be a Woman Married, a Widow, Maid, or Girl, she should live very reserv'd, and take more than ordinary care of her Honour ; for it would be a great Folly, nay, next to perfect Madness, to have her Cloaths smell of Perfumes, when her Manners stink of a Whore. I have travell'd many Kingdoms, and liv'd in many Courts, yet never saw that Woman that did not Marry for Perfumes, or some such foolery, and yet I have seen a great many Divorc'd for ill Customs, and the reason is plain ; because no body asks whether a Woman be sweet or not, but all whether she be Rich and Vertuous. Let us now leave the Women, and return to the Men ; to whom all the Philosophers, nay *Aristotle* himself, forbid Perfumes under severe Penalties ; counselling 'em moreover with moving Words, not to Prink themselves up with Odours and Ointments ; condemning all that did it, not only for Vain but Senceless. *Rome* was 300 years without either Spices to eat, or Scents to smell ; but after they grew weak in War, they grew strong in Vice ; from whence we may infer, that had there been no idle People in the World, there had been no Victious. *Livy, Macrobius, Salust, and Tully,*  
begin,



begin, and never cease to Curse, and Lament, the conquest of *Asia* by *Rome*; for if the *Persians* and *Medians* were overcome by the *Roman* Arms, the *Romans* were likewise conquer'd by their Vices and Effeminacies. To make Sumptuous Funerals, Wear rich Rings, Use *Arromaticks* in Eating, Drink Wine with Ice, and Carry Perfumes for Scent, says *Cicero*, in a Letter to *Atticus*; These are the 5 Vices presented us by the *Asians* in revenge of their Cities we had taken, and their Blood we had spilt.

Greater damage had *Rome* by *Asia* then *Asia* by *Rome*, for those Countreys the *Romans* had of theirs they presently lost, but on the contrary their Vices are still like to stick close by 'em. *Escavrus*, a Grave Cenfor once in *Rome*, said one day in the Senate; 'Tis my Opinion and Vote, Conscrib'd Fathers, that we should fit out no more Fleets to conquer *Asia*, since you know where we kill but few of them, they cause most of us to perish by their ill Customs and Habits introduced among us. He that goes to the Wars to fight, or into the Field to labour, takes more care to maintain his Family honestly, than to smell of precious Ointments; from whence we may conclude, that Idle and ill busied Persons take care to smell well, but are careless of living so. In the 320<sup>th</sup> year after the building of *Rome*, the Senate prohibited the Women to drink Wine, and the Men to buy Perfumes; so that it was an equal Penalty for the one to busie themselves in Smelling, as for the other to be found Drinking. Which Law, were it now in force, I am of Opinion,

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there

there would scarce one day escape in which some Woman would not be Arraign'd; for tho I will not say flatly, *They drink now as much as ever*, yet, I am confirm'd, the Bitch bites full as hard as the Dog. Further as to Perfumes, *Suetonius* in his Tenth Book of the *Cæsars*, tells you, that *Vespasian* being about to confirm a benefit to one of his Courtiers, and smelling a very sweet scent about him, he immediately threw away his Pen, and tore his Paper, and with an angry Countenance thus Reprimanded him; *I Recall my Grant, and get thee out of my Presence; for by the Immortal Gods, I had rather thou shouldst smell of Onyons and Garlick, than of those Effeminate Unguents.* *Plucius*, a Roman Lord, when proscrib'd by the Triumvirate, was found out in the *Salernian Caves*, not by his Footsteps, but the Train of Odours he left behind him; so that having otherwise clearly escap'd his Enemies, he was meerly betray'd by his Scents. *Hanibal* the *Carthaginian*, having been in his youth a Prince of great Courage and Conduct, yet in his old Age, the Ladies of *Capua*, and Unguents of *Asia*, weakned him so in Body, and so enervated the vigour of his Mind, that from thence forward he was neither able to gain a Town, nor get a Battle. *Aulus Gellius* relates, that the Roman Senate being in debate, what Captain to send against *Pannonia*, and the Vote coming to *Caro* the Censor, he said; *Of the Two you propose, I am against my young Kinsman Pulius, because I never yet saw him come wounded from the Wars, but have*  
often



## Spanish Letters. 9

often seen him go smelling to a Perfum'd Handkerchief about the City. Fourteen years were the Romans besieging the Great Numantia in Spain, and never could take it till at length Scipio came afresh, and sent great Bribes into the City to employ their Gluttony, busie their Whores, and burn Perfumes; and then they took it in a trice, and destroy'd it as quickly. *Licurgus* in his Laws commanded the *Lacedemonians* under severe Penalties neither to buy or sell Perfumes or Precious Ointments, except for Offerings in their Temples, or Physick for their Sick. From these, and many more Examples might be brought, it appears, that Men have always been forbid Odours and Scents; for speaking truth, there is but little Pleasure got by 'em, when on the contrary, a great deal of Reputation to be lost. And, I must tell you moreover, this is a very costly Vice; for it not only occasions pains in the Head, but also a Vacuum in the Purse. What causes me a great deal of Mirth sometimes, I might better say Disquiet, is to see many vain fluttering young Fellows, buy Perfum'd Gloves of 10 Ducats a Pair for their Mistresses, yet have not the Heart to give a Crape Gown to a Sister, or Poor Relation; Whence it comes to pass, that in a Mad Man's House, Fancy rules the Roast, whilst Reason turns the Spit. If Men would be Advis'd by me, I would take care they should smell well without Sweets, for nothing under the Heavens has a more Odoriferous Savour than a clear and Unblemish'd Name.

Let

Let me conclude therefore with this Truth,  
That a good Christian is the Sweet Oint-  
ment, a good Conscience the rich Amber,  
and a good Life the choicest Wash-ball,  
which, I'll assure you, I would only steal  
or carry about me. No more, but that God  
Bless you, and give me Grace to serve  
Him.

Valladolid, Decemb. 6.

1520.

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LET-

L E T T E R II.

*To Doctor Melgar, a Physician; in which are handled the Good and Harm occasioned by his Profession, together with the Progress and several Interruptions of that Art; as also the Author's Thoughts of it from its first Original.*

Honour'd Doctor, and Imperial Physician,

**Y**ours I Receiv'd, together with the Recipe enclos'd, and you may hereby satisfie your self or be inform'd by your Boy, that I have dispatch'd your business with the President according to desire; So that as you have dealt by me like a Physician, I have treated you as a Friend. Now which of us has done better, you in Physicking me, or I in Soliciting your Affair, all good Men may judge; for I'll assure you, at the very same time I got your Order Signed, I was very sensibly Afflicted with the Gout. Sir, I procur'd the Herbs and Roots, and bruiz'd and drank 'em according to Order, but better regard may God have to your Soul than they brought relief to my pains, for they not only fir'd my Liver but also benum'd my Stomach. And I must tell you plainly in this Distemper you have been so far from performing a Cure, that you have done me a great deal of injury, and every time the Cold of my Stomach obliges

biges me to Beich, I presently resolve never to have any more to do with Doctor *Melgar*, since he could not distinguish a Malady above from one below, for I did not desire you to purge the Humours but rid me of my Pains, not being able to Guess why you should Punish my Stomach when all the Pain lay in my great Toe. I once consulted Doctor *Soto* about a *Sciatica* in my Hip, and he prescrib'd a Blister on my Ears; but which only occasion'd all the Court to laugh, and my poor Soules to suffer. Another time I had recourse to Doctor *Cartagena* in *Alcala* about the same Distemper, and he order'd me Cow-turds, Rats-dung, Nettle-leaves, Rose-buds, and fri'd Scorpions to make a Plaister and apply to the part afflicted: but all the good I got, was, that it did not suffer me to sleep one wink in Three Nights, and yet I paid the Apothecary above Six *Reals* for making it. Whereupon, for the future, I utterly renounce any Man's Friendship that shall advise me to the Aphorisms of *Hypocrates*, Maxims of *Avicenna*, Experiments of *Ficinus*, Treatises of *Racis*, and Recipes of *Erophilus*, providing in any of their Writings there be the least mention made of this Cursed Plaister, which as it suffer'd me not to sleep or be at rest, so I not only tore it off immediately but also instantly buried it; for as on the one hand it burnt me, on the other it almost struck me down with its stench. I remember in *Burgos*, about 20 years since, Doctor *Soto* cur'd me of an intermitting Feaver, but withal, made me eat so much Sellery and Barley, and drink

drink so great quantity of Endive Water, that for a time I was quite depriv'd of the use of my Pallat, nay more, could scarce smell. Some few Years afterwards happening to visit the same Doctor when sick at *Tordesillas*, I observ'd he Eat an Orange and Drank a cup of good Canary at the very time his hot fit came upon him, which I not only wondered, but was very much offended at, since he treated me after another-gueſs manner. Whereupon forcing a smile I thus accosted him, *Tell me I beseech you, good Doctor, What is the reason you Cure your self of your Fever with Wine of St. Martin, and me of mine by Endive Water?* To which he readily replied with a great deal of Assurance, *You must know, Mr. Guevara, our great Master Hypocrates, under penalty of his displeasure, Commanded us his Successors to recover our own healths with the Juice of the Grape, when he order'd nothing but Still'd Water for our Patients.* Altho this was spoke out of Raillery, yet I am apt to believe it in some measure true, for I well remember you told me once in *Madrid*, you never took Purge or knew what belong'd to Still'd Waters in all your Life. Of all Arts, the Practice of Physicians surprises me most, since they always seem desirous of Curing others, yet care not to be Cur'd themselves. But since you desire it of me, generous Doctor, I will give you my thoughts of Physick in general, as also what I have read concerning its first Inventors and Origin, and herein I shall endeavour to comply with your Inclinations without any regard to many others, for I know  
Blockheads

Blockheads will be offended where I doubt not the Ingenious will be pleased.

*Of the first Inventors of Physick,*

If we may believe *Pliny*, none of the Seven Liberal Arts were ever so variable and Falacious as this; for he tells you there was scarce any noted Kingdom or Nation in the World, where it was not almost thrown out as soon as received. As Physick is a Foreigner, many are the troubles it will tell you it has undergone, and more the Kingdoms and Provinces it has travell'd thro'; but the cause was not that People had then no mind to be Cured, but rather because they always found that Science very uncertain. The 1st among the *Grecians* that happen'd upon this Art, was the Philosopher *Apollo*, and his Son *Esculapius*; both which grew so exceeding Famous, that they were Flock'd to from all parts like an Oracle. But at length *Esculapius* being left young, and therefore not having yet communicated his Secrets to any Successor, a Thunderbolt at once depriv'd him of Life, and the Art of an Instructor. Four Hundred and Forty Years remain'd this Science interrupted, for all that time there was no known Person in the World who bore the Title of Physician, or Cur'd publickly; and this was to be computed from the Death of *Esculapius*, to the Birth of *Antaxerxes* the Second, in whose Reign the Famous *Hypocrates* was Born. *Strabo*, *Diodorus*, and *Pliny* mention a certain *Grecian* Woman that flourish'd in this Art in those



those times, of whom they relate many wonderful and improbable things, but which in my opinion are either Feign'd or Preternatural; for, being true, it must rather have been her business to raise the Dead than cure the Living. Also in those times another Woman arose in the Province of *Achaia*, who cured by Charms and Spels, without any outward or inward Means; but she was soon silenced by the Senate of *Athens*, who order'd her to be Ston'd and Burnt, Saying, *The Gods and Nature had not plac'd the remedies of Diseases in Words, but in Herbs and Minerals only.* While as there were no Physicians in the World, the *Grecians*, when they made any Experiment with success, oblig'd themselves to specify it in a Table, and hang it up in the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, to the end that any might have recourse to, and make use of it upon occasion. *Trogus Pompeius*, *Laertius*, and *Lactantius* say, the reason how the *Grecians* maintain'd their healths so long without Physicians, was, by gathering sweet Herbs in *May*, and keeping 'em hang'd up and dry'd in their Houses; Also by Bleeding once a Year, and Bathing once a Month: And moreover by Eating but one Meal in a day. Conformable to which, *Plutarch* tells us, that *Plato*, being once asked by the *Athenian* Philosophers, what he had seen worthy remark in the Island *Trinacria* (*Sicily*,) Answered, *Vidi Monstrum in Natura, Hominem bis saturum in die.* Which imports, He saw a Monster in Nature twice cram'd in a day, meaning *Dionysius* the Tyrant, who was the first that introduc'd Eating twice  
in



in Four and twenty Hours; for in Ancient times they were only wont to Sup without any other Repast. This we have made curious search into, and read all the Treatises upon, and find the *Jews* did only Eat at Noon, whilst all the rest at Night. But to pursue our design, you must know the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus* was the most famous of all Antiquity, yet not so much for the Magnificence of its Structure, or great number of Priests, as the Physick-Tables hung up in it to relieve the Sick. *Strabo, de situ Orbis*, tells us, that eleven Years after the *Peloponesian* War, the great *Hypocrates* was born in a small Isle call'd *Coe*, in which also two Famous Men *Licurgus* and *Bias* had their Births. Of this *Hypocrates*, tis observ'd, he was small of Body, a little Pur-blind, had a great Head, spoke *Sparingly*, was very laborious in Study, and above all, had an excellent and refin'd Judgment. From Fourteen to Thirty five Years, he employed himself in *Athens* in Contemplation, Philosophizing and Reading, and altho many Learned Men flourish'd in his time, yet he was justly Esteem'd and Prefer'd before .em all. Afterwards, leaving *Athens*, he made a Progress thro' many Provinces and Kingdoms, enquiring and searching into the Properties and Vertues of Herbs and Plants, all which he took Notes of, and diligently confirm'd in his Memory. He also made strict enquiry whether any Books had been Written by the Ancients on that Subject, and Reports he met with some whose Authors did not lay down any general

neral Scheme of Physick, but only mention'd some particular Cases they had known to succeed.

*What Kingdoms and Provinces Physick wander'd through.*

Twelve Years successively *Hippocrates* spent in this Progress, and after returning to the Temple of *Diana*, he there Translated all the Physick-Tables he found hung up from many Ages, all which he reduc'd to a Method, and moreover added some Observations and Experiments of his own. This Famous Physician was the greatest that ever was known in the World, as well in regard he was the first that Writ and put that Art in Order, as also that it is reported of him he never was deceived in Prognostick he attempted, or Disease he undertook. He was wont to advise Physicians not to meddle with disorderly Persons, and Counsel Patients not to have to do with unfortunate Men; affirming a Cure could never fail where a Patient was regular, and Physician Fortunate. This great Philosopher coming to Die, his Disciples began to cure or rather kill many People in *Greece*, the Art being then New, and consequently their Experience but Little, whereupon the Senate of *Athens* not only forbade any farther Practice but also commanded 'em forthwith to leave the Country. They being thus excluded *Greece*, this Art was not only Banished, but forgot 160 Years, none daring either to Teach or Learn

it, the *Grecians* having that profound regard to their Physician *Hippocrates*, that they affirm'd with him it came into the World, and with him went out of it. But these 160 Years being once past, another Philosopher and Physician arose, call'd *Chrysippus*, who soon became as Famous among the *Argians*, as the former had been with the *Athenians*. This Philosopher, altho' he was both Learned and Fortunate, yet fail'd not to be very Opinionated and Fancyful in his Judgment; for in all he Writ or said, he made it his Chief business to lessen *Hypocrates* and cry up himself; insomuch, that he was the first that wrested Physick from the Protection of Reason, and plac'd it in Custody of Opinion. This Physician dying, there grew great contentions amongst the *Grecians*, which of the two Methods was best, that of *Hippocrates*, or the other of *Chrysippus*: But at length they agreed in this, that they would neither follow one, nor admit the other; affirming, that *Honour and Life ought never to become matter of dispute*. Thus the *Grecians* continued another hundred Years without Physicians, till *Aristrato*, Nephew to the great *Aristotle*, arose, and Rescued Physick from Oblivion; and this, not that he was more Learned than his Predecessors, but rather more Fortunate. This Man recover'd the Credit of Physick by curing *Antiochus* the first, of an Infirmary in his Lungs; in return of which, the King gave him his Daughter, 1000 Talents of Silver, and a Gold Cup. So that he not only hereby gain'd great repute thro' all *Europe*, but also

confi-

considerably enrich'd his Family. But nevertheless, he first brought a Scandal upon this Profession, it having been never before known, that any Cur'd for Hire, or set a price upon their Art; all before him contenting themselves either with Friendship or Charity. This Man Dying, his Disciples soon became more Covetous than Wise, and had greater skill in draining Purfes, than relieving Maladies: insomuch, that the Senate of *Athens* was once more set at work to forbid any Physick being Read, or, for the future, Practis'd among 'em.

*What other Interruptions Physick underwent.*

Another hundred Years was Physick exploded in *Europe*; till the Philosopher *Euphrases* restor'd it in the Kingdom of *Trinacria*, (*Sicily*.) But he and a Quack happening to quarrel about curing *K. Chrysippus*, who then Reigned in that Island; it was Universally agreed, that for the future, no mixt Potions should be us'd, but only Simples Prescrib'd. A long while was *Sicily*, and the greatest part of the World, without knowledge of the Art of Physick, till *Herophilus*, a Man of great skill, both in that Art and Astrology, started up in *Rhodes*. Many affirm this Person was Master to *Ptolemy*, and others, that he was but his Scholar. However, 'tis certain, he left many learned Astrological Treatises, and Educated a great number of Famous Pupils. This Physician was of opinion, the Pulse was not to be consulted in the Arm, but Temples; saying, it never

failed to shew it self there, when it was sometimes conceal'd in the Wrist. This Secret was so Sacred among the *Rhodians*, that they maintain'd and Practis'd it always, as long as their Doctor and his Disciples liv'd; yet, at length it came to be neglected, altho' the Physician was never forgot. For after his and his Scholars Deaths, they would neither suffer themselves to be cur'd, nor admit any Practisers among 'em; and this for fear they might vary from their great Masters Authority, or out of an aversion they had to new Opinions. After all these, Physick lay dead for almost 800 Years, as well in *Europe* as *Asia*; till the great Philosopher and Physician *Asclepiades* appear'd in the Island *Mitilene*, (formerly *Lesbos*;) a Man Learned enough, but withal extremely Fortunate. This Person oppos'd consulting the Pulse in the Wrist, as now Practis'd, and was for those in the Temples or Nostriis, which was not thought so extravagant, but the *Asian* Physicians made frequent use of 'em a long time after. During all this, we do not read of any Physician in *Rome* or *Italy*; for 'tis well known, the *Romans* were the last of all the World that had Clocks, Buffoons, Barbarians, and Physicians introduc'd among 'em. Four Hundred and Six Years and Six Months, was the great City of *Rome* without either Physician or Surgeon; and the first we read of, was, *Antonius Musa* a *Grecian*. The occasion of whose coming thither, was a *Sciatica* the Emperor *Augustus* had in his Thigh, which he  
having



having totally Eradicared and Cur'd, the *Romans*, in Gratitude, rais'd him a Porphyry Statue in the *Campus Martius*. Prodigious Wealth might this Man have got, and arriv'd to the Fame of a great Philosopher, had he been contented not to go beyond his Profession, his hard Fate proceeding from a pretence to Surgery, where his business was Physick: For it being often necessary in that Art to cut off Arms, Legs, Fingers, sear Flesh, and apply Cupping-glasses, the *Romans* not accusom'd to see such Cruelties, or undergo such Tortures; instead of Recompencing his knowledge, at length Ston'd and dragg'd him Dead thro' the City. When they had thus handled this unfortunate Man, they immediately resolv'd never to admit Physician or Surgeon more among 'em, which continued till the Reign of Infamous *Nero*; who, in his return from *Greece* brought Physicians and Vices good Store along with him. During whose Reign, and his Successors *Galba*, *Otho*, and *Vitellius*, Physick was of great esteem in *Italy*; but after their Deaths, the good Emperor *Titus* banish'd both Orators and Physicians; his reason being, the former were destroyers of good Customs, as the latter Enemies of health. He added farther, *I Banish Physicians to prevent Vice, for 'tis well known, where they reside for the most part, the people are very wicked.* The great *Cato Uticensis* was very Jealous of this Profession, especially where they were like to inhabit the *Roman Empire*; for once writing to his Son *Marcellus*, from *Greece*, he says

thus. In yours, and my Case, it is evident, the Love of a Father out-does the Duty of a Son; for where you have forgot to write to me, I not only frequently take care to send you Letters, but also provide for your Necessaries. If you will not converse with me as a Father, pray write to me as a Friend; and where you cannot respect my Gray Hairs, have at least, regard to my good Works. You know, Son Marcellus, I have been now five Years successively in Greece, and resided for the most part in Athens, where are the most Famous Philosophers and Celebrated Academies in the World. If you would know my opinion of these Grecians, it is this. They talk much, and do little; call all others Barbarous, and themselves only Learned; are Friends to those who will be guided by 'em, but Enemies to such as will not; Dissemble Injuries, but never forgive 'em; are constant in Hate but variable in Love; Hide-bound when they give, and Covetous when they get: And in a Word, Son Marcellus, they are naturally Proud and Imperious where they Command, and Slavish when they Obey. This is what the Philosophers Teach, and People Practise, wherewith I thought fit to inform you, that you might have no Inclinations to leave Rome to come hither; for you know well, the Prudence and Staidness of our Country, would suit but ill with the Levity and Novelty of Greece. The day our Sacred Senate shall permit the Greek Arts and Sciences to enter Rome, our whole Republick will be inevitably ruin'd; for where the Romans have reason to boast of living well, the Grecians only buse themselves in talking of it. Altho' the Grecian Arts are all Dubious, Pernicious, or

Scanda.



*Scandalous. Yet, I must tell you, Son Marcellus, Physick is like to prove most dangerous to our Common-wealth, for the People here, are long since resolv'd to Murder those by Potion, they cannot Conquer by Arms. I every day observe these Doctors quarrelling among themselves, not how they shall Cure, but after what manner Kill their Patients. But I enjoin you, Son Marcellus, forthwith to Advise the Senate of the arrival of six Physicians lately sent from hence, that they may not be suffered either to Read or Practise their Pernicious Mysteries among ye.*

*Physick to be Priz'd and Valu'd for Seven Reasons.*

See here, Sir, the Progress of your Art laid down; as, how it was first found out, how Continu'd, how Lost, how Banish'd, how Receiv'd again; and in fine, how turn'd out anew to wander thro' several Countries of the World. By yours you desire me to acquaint you, not only with what I have Read, but also what I think of this Profession, which partly to oblige, and partly convince you of the good and harm, done by Knowing and Ignorant Physicians, I will endeavour to comply with

Physick is to be priz'd, because the Creator of all things design'd it as a Relief to his Creatures in time of need, by placing a Virtue in Plants, Herbs, Waters, Minerals, and even in Words; to which they might have easy recourse, and find speedy benefit by.

Physick is to be priz'd, when it lights into the hands of a Prudent, Knowing, Discreet, and Experienc'd Practitioner, who may sooner find out a Distemper, think of a proper remedy, and Administer it surer than another.

Physick is to be priz'd, when the Physician only uses it in acute and dangerous cases; such as a Plurisie, Quinzie, Imposthume, Scarlet-Feaver, Apoplexy, &c. in all which, means must be diligently sought, and a good Doctor Credited.

Physick is to be priz'd, where a Flux of Blood can be cur'd by Washing, a Head-ach by a good Scent, a Pain in the Stomach by a quilted Stomacher, a heat of Liver by an Uction, a Scalding of the Eyes by Cold Water, a Tympany by a Clyster, and a Calenture only with good Diet.

Physick is to be priz'd, where I could find a Physician that would rather chuse to Cure me with Natural Simples, than *Hippocrates* his Compounds; and prescribe fair Water before juice of Endive.

Physick is to be priz'd, where a Doctor in a Simple-Feaver, not only waits till the third Day be over, but also looks into the Patient's Water to see if it be high colour'd, tryes the Spleen if it be stop'd, has regard whether the Lungs be damag'd, or Tongue rough, and opens the Eyes, if they be heavy; so that he never pretends to prescribe, till the Disease be perfectly known.

Phy-

Physick is to be priz'd, where the Physician finding the Case dangerous calls others to his assistance, to enter into Consultation, not Contention and Wrangling, about the Patient's Distemper.

He that is willing to comply with these Rules, may be safely sent for and confided in, and moreover ought to be well paid for his pains, Physick chiefly consisting in Ability to find out a Distemper, and Experience to apply a proper Remedy.

*Of Nine remarkable Injuries done by bad Physicians.*

I complain to you, noble Doctor, of many Lazy, Blockish, Rash and Unexperienced Physicians, who for having only heard of *Avicenna*, &c. resided in *Guadalupe*, or being Foot-boy to the Queen's Physician, presently post away to the University of *Merida*, where by a Letter from *Rome* they soon get to be Batchellors and Graduates in that Profession, but who nevertheless verifie the Proverb which says, *Physicians of Valencia have large Gowns, but little Knowledge.*

I complain to you, Sir, of many Ignorant and Vulgar Doctors, who having to deal with a dangerous Malady and after Purging, Syruping, Bleeding and Anointing, not knowing what to do next, at length prescribe prepared Brickdust before Supper, and Clarified Cataplasms at day-break.

I com-

I complain to you, Sir, of many Boy-Doctors, who not having the least insight into their Profession, prescribe the Alphabet quite through for an ordinary Fever, and often make use of the same dangerous Remedies as are proper against a Pestilence, inso-much that it were far safer for the miserable Patient to sit down at quiet with his Distemper, than hope to be cured by such Means.

I complain to you, Sir, of many of your Companions, nay, and Scholars, who prescribing against a weak Stomach, overflowing of the Gall, common Scurvy, or a little Flushing of the Blood, all which might be remedied with 3 days Temperance, Sugar and Water, or Honey of Roses, nevertheless order their poor Patients to be tormented with Cupping Glasses, plagued with Clysters, Bled in the Nose, and well Drench'd with Juice of Endive, in a manner, that instead of easing, they rather keep 'em continually on the Rack.

I complain to you, Sir, of many others your great Cronies, who think themselves wise, and it may be are so, yet never prescribe any common Remedy for fear they should be thought not to know what belongs to Foreign Plants and Distant Drugs.

I complain to you, Sir, of many ignorant Prentices whom their Masters intrust with their Business, giving 'em an Ephemeris of Critical days, and Symptoms to walk by it, who nevertheless neither regard when the Distemper

stemper began, or whether it increase or diminish, but still load the miserable Patient with repeated Doses, till at last they reduce him to great danger of his Life.

I complain to you, Sir, that generally your Profession are at variance one with another, disagreeing in Humours as in Opinions, which is demonstrable in that some follow *Hypocrates*, some *Avicenna*, some *Galen*, others *Rasis*, others *Ficinus*, and some none but their own Suggestions and Imaginations. But still the mischief is, the poor Patient suffers, while the Doctors wrangle and dispute.

I complain to you, Sir, of many Beardless Practicers, who being Novices in their Art, and but very slender of Judgment, whatever Experiment they have once seen tried, heard or read of, they immediately prescribe without the least regard either to their Patients Constitution or Disease.

I complain to you, and even of you, good Doctor, that generally you all wrap your Recipe's up in such obscure Terms and unintelligible Cyphers, that it is impossible for any but your own Profession to understand 'em. The reason of which I cannot guess at, for if your Prescriptions be good they need not be conceal'd, and if bad, ought not be order'd: Nay, neither ought not to be unknown to us, since it is our parts both to swallow the Potion, and pay the Apothecary.

*The Author's Thoughts of Physick.*

Sir, I have here hinted at the Good knowing Physicians do, and the many Injuries occasion'd by the Ignorant; and to deal sincerely, I am of Opinion, tho my Misfortunes are many, yet the Villanies of your Profession are more; since at the hazard of our Lives you both purchase lasting Fame, and heap up vast Estates. No Power can contend with yours for Pre-eminence, for no sooner are you entred our Doors but we part with all we have, and approve of all you do; and where the Surgeon takes but 10 Ounces from our Arm, you infallibly draw twice as much out of our Chests. After what we bestow on the Poor, nothing goes beyond what we give to our selves, I mean, part with to good Physicians, that restore our Healths and ease our Pains: When on the contrary no Money is worse spent than what a bad Doctor carries away from his ruin'd Patient, for where the former ought to be well pay'd, the latter deserves to be soundly kick'd. It was a Law much in use among the *Goths*, that the Patient and Physician should Article together before any thing were attempted, whereby the one oblig'd himself to Cure, as the other to Pay; and if the Doctor fail'd in his Art he was to satisfy both Patient and Apothecary. I am of Opinion, Sir, that if this Law were now in force, you and your Fellow Practicers would give your selves more up to Study, and perform better  
what



what you undertook; but as you are pay'd whatever happen, if you succeed you take the Honour to your selves, and if not lay all the blame on your Innocent Patient. This is plain, in that you often affirm we drink small Beer, eat Fruit, sleep a-days, neglect what you Order, walk too much abroad, or catch cold when we are in a sweat, so that for the most part where you cannot Cure, you will not fail to Slander. I am mightily pleas'd with that saying of Hippocrates, *That a Physician is little to be valued if he be not always successful*, for from thence we may infer, our Health depends not so much on your Physick as your Fortune. Little regard must he have to your Art that aproves of this Maxim; for we are thereby taught to avoid the Knowing and Unlucky, and have recourse altogether to the Ignorant and Prosperous. Eighteen years, since being ill at Ojornillo, I remember you came to visit me, and bad me beware how I meddled, you having already kill'd my Father, murder'd my Uncle, destroy'd my Sister, and made away with my Cousin, so that if I had a mind to List of that Company you could sooner undertake to dispatch, than cure me. Although you spoke this out of Raillery, yet it immediately sunk into me for a truth, and I thence-forward resolv'd never to trust you with my Pulse, or confide in your Prescriptions. The Miller we trust only with our Corn, the Farmer with our Horse, Lawyer with our Estate, Taylor with our Cloaths, but the Physician with our Life.

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How great a Fool must he be that does not consider well before he admits a Purge into his Bowels, or Lancet into his Arm; since it often happens he could heartily wish the Potion out, and Blood again in his Body. There are no healthier People in the World than such as live regularly, and despise Physick, and the reason is, because Nature oftner requires Conduct than Help. The Emperor *Aurelian* died 66 years old, in all which time he never Purg'd, Blooded, or Physick'd, any otherwise than by Bathing once a year, Vomiting once a month, Fasting one day in a week, and Walking one hour in a day. On the contrary *Adrian* who was every way debauch'd in his Youth, in his old Age became full of Diseases, so that he never went without Physicians; or was attended without an Apothecary Shop: But would you know what good they did him, or Remedies prescrib'd him, you may be satisfied by what he order'd to be engrav'd on his Tomb, *Perii turbâ Medicorum*; as if he would say, *It not being in the power of my Enemies to kill me, my Physicians did it in a trice.* There is a pleasant Story goes of *Galienus* the Emperor, who being grievously afflicted with a Sciatica, and a Physician undertaking to cure him, perform'd indeed his Promise, but nevertheless made him undergo a thousand painful Experiments, whereupon the Emperor one day sent for, and thus said to him, *Take, Fabatus, two thousand Sesterces, but withall be inform'd, I give 'em not for curing my Sciatica, but that thou may'st never cure me*  
more.

more. Wherefore, Noble Doctor, I think it much more advisable to reward Ignorant Physicians for doing nothing, than for the greatest Care and Pains they can take, since we daily see they kill more by their Medicines than their Ancestors destroy'd Moors in the Wars. But to conclude my long Epistle, I Accept, Approve, Commend, and Bless the Sacred Mystery of Physick, when at the same time I cannot but Curse, Reprove, and Condemn the Physician that knows not how to make right use of it, for as Pliny says, *Non rem Antiqui damnabant sed Artem*; Which to make plainer may be thus express'd, *The ancient Sages did not find so much fault with the Art, as Artist and Method of Curing, since Nature having plac'd sufficient Remedies in Simples, Men altogether confounded 'em by Compounds.* No more, but God keep you, and give me Grace to serve Him.

Madrid, Decemb. 27.

1520.

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## LETTER III.

*To a Lady, the Author's Niece, who fell sick  
for the death of a little Bitch.*

Much Esteem'd Niece, tho Afflicted Lady,

**B**Eing inform'd of the slight occasion of your Melancholy, we all thought it impossible your Grief should ever exceed our Mirth; for so it is, Madam, and ever will be, that when one perishes, another escapes; one gets repute, another loses it; and where one Laughs, another Mourns; and the reason is, because being so many changes in the World, there can scarce two People be found of one Opinion, and one Condition. For as one part of the Sea is calm, the other tempestuous; in one Country it Thunders, in another the Sun shines: so it often happens to Men, some whereof burst their Spleens with laughing, whilst others break their Hearts with sighing. Since therefore a Calm is as sure to follow a Storm, as a Storm a Calm, in my Opinion none should puff themselves up with Prosperity, or be cast down by Adversity; and this because there is no Grief which shall not be remov'd, nor Pleasure which will not conclude. We have been acquainted different ways, of the death of your Lap Dog, which we understand has not only afflicted your Mind, but also occasion'd a Fever to  
confine

confine you to your Bed ; and to tell you truth, this your Distemper has been the cause of all our Merriment. All Matters of this Life are to be dealt with three ways, either to be Lamented, Laugh'd at, or Dissembled with ; Now, this business of yours is rather to be ridicul'd, than flatter'd, since you fix'd your Affection simply, as you continue it foolishly. My Nephew, and your Cousen, *Don Gaspar de Guevara*, has earnestly entreated me with Words, and conjur'd me by tender Expressions, to go see and Comfort you in your Illness ; and moreover endeavour'd to persuade me, that you were as sensible of the death of your little Bitch, as I concern'd for the loss of my dear Sister *Donna Francisca*. A Child when new-born, knows neither how to Walk, Eat, nor Talk, yet is presently able to Cry ; therefore the Crime lies not in that we Mourn, but what we Mourn for. Our first Mother *Eve* lamented her Son *Abel*, *Jacob* griev'd for *Joseph*, *David* for *Absalom*, *Anna* for *Tobias*, *Jeremias* Mourn'd over *Jerusalem*, *Mary Magdalen* lamented her Sins, *St. Peter* his Apostacy, our Saviour his Friend *Lazarus* ; and you, Madam, Mourn for your little Bitch. Tears being as drops of Blood distilling from the Heart thro' the Eyes, I hold him as kind that sheds a few such on a dead Man's Tomb, as that gave him an Estate whilst living. The Office of the Feet is to Walk, of the Tongue to Speak, of the Hands to Work, but of the Heart only to Mourn ; for the Eyes are but as it were Limbeckes that distill Tears from thence ;

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and

and as it's Grief is lock'd up in the very center of the Body, it can neither make use of the Hands nor Feet; but the Tongue must declare its Wrong, and the Eyes demonstrate its Misery. We may be confirm'd by the Eyes of the Afflictions of the Heart, for if the one did not Mourn, the other would never Weep. I say this, Madam, that you must needs love that Spaniel exceedingly well, since you have shew'd so great concern for the loss of it; for to consider a thing, one either loves or hates, regard must rather be had to the Eyes than Tongue: for this can only reveal what we commonly think, when Tears discover the deepest Affection; Whence it follows that Words may be feign'd, but Drops from our Heart must be sincere. What Men commonly say of Women, that their Tears are fictitious, is not true; but nevertheless they may weep for one thing, and say they do it for another; but to Cry in jest is neither in their power, nor ought any body to believe it. To lament for one thing, and pretend it for another, I neither commend nor condemn; for in a generous and brave Soul nothing ought to be more conceal'd than what we love most. I thought fitting to say this in defence of your Sighs, and to favour your Tears, both which I am apt to believe you bestowed with less devotion than affection, since I am inform'd your Fever does not at all increase, and yet you still keep your Bed. To confess the truth, Madam, I don't wonder you lament, but am offended at the cause of it, since it would



would be more both for your Honour and Interest to Mourn your Sins, than the Death of a trifling Mongrel. You being descended from so noble a Family, and having the Character of so good a Liver, great an Estate, Beauteous Complexion, and Wise Conversation, I cannot have patience to see you fix your love so low, as upon a despicable Bitch; for as *Plato* prudently says, *Such is the Lover oftentimes as is the Beloved.* Love is of so great force, that both Parties commonly become alike by its power; so, if I love a Rational Creature, I am Rational; but if a Brute, a Brute; Whence we may infer, you do not at all differ in this from your Lap Dog. I have been much affham'd, I could almost say angry, at this Action of yours, which has not only been admir'd at by many, but also complain'd of by a greater number, and for my part, I think they had reason; for we ought not to place our Affection but only where it may be both well employ'd and well receiv'd. The best part of the Body is the Heart, and the best affection of the Heart is Love, therefore if this be not advantageously bestow'd, the Person must be very unhappy that admits it, it being impossible he should ever know how to live that knows not how to Love. Also I cannot imagine what pleasure you could take in loving such a Creature, or what returns it could make you, unless it were to fill your Cloaths with Hairs, dirty your Rooms, sleep upon your Squab, load you with Fleas, trouble you to wash her frequently in Summer,

and lie upon your Petticoats all the Winter, steal when you were out of sight, and snarl at the Maids for chiding at her beastliness. But yet for all this, you did not content your self with giving her the best bit out of your Mouth, and furnishing her with wrought Collars and Silver Bells ; but would also take it extreamly ill if any offer'd either to strike or steal her, so that she was both troublesom to you, and a plague to every body else. Of you two I know not whether was greater, the Bitches Fortune in being so well beloved, or your Misfortune in doting on so inconsiderable an Animal. Nevertheless I am satisfied, to keep a Monkey, Dog, Cat, Parrot, or Thrush, has no harm in it self, so long as we employ our Eyes only to observe the one, and our Ears to hear the other sing, but the Heart is never to be made use of on so contemptible an Occasion. To make so much ado about a worthless Bitch, is neither the part of a Gentlewoman nor Christian ; for a Christian's Tears must rather be employ'd for Offences than Losses. If the Death of your little Bitch, and the Merits of your Life were to be brought before the Governor of *Zaratan*, I believe he would determine the one to be laughed at, as the other lamented ; and which neither you nor I ought to take amiss, because we are both sensible of what we lose, but not enough concern'd for the Sins we commit. It is much greater reason you should remember God that made you, than a Bitch that died with you ; since God gave you a Soul to enjoy, and an Under-  
standing

standing to know him ; but your trifling Favourite had nothing but a Tongue to bark at you, and Teeth to bite you. The greatest concern you ought to have for your Bitch is because you did not give her an honourable Burial, by calling the Frier-Mendicants to your Assistance, for then she might have had the advantage both of their Absolution and Prayers. We read of *Alexander* the Great, that he buried his Horse, *Augustus* a Parrot, *Nero* a Thrush, *Virgil* a Moschetto, *Comodus* a Monkey, and *Heliogabalus* a little Bird ; all whose Obsequies were perform'd both with Prayers and other Ceremonies. And I do not at all doubt, had you either heard or read of these Passages, you would soon have buried your Bitch with the like Pomp: tho' to tell you truth, I am of Opinion you did worse to shed so many Tears, than they to bestow so great Magnificence on their Animals. Another oversight you committed, in not calling the Midwife *Galliarda* to your Bitches Labour, nor going on Pilgrimage to *St. Christophers* ; for thereby she might have saved her Life, and you your Tears. But setting aside all farther Raillery, I earnestly entreat you to grieve no more on such an account, but at length begin to be Wise, for otherwise I shall think you rather fit to be reclaim'd by Hellebore than a Jest. No more, but God keep you, and give me Grace to serve Him.

Burgos, Febr. 8.

1524.

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LET.

## LETTER IV.

*To the Magistrate Nunnio Tellio, concerning  
the Qualifications of a True Friend.*

Honour'd SIR, tho Unadvis'd Young Man,

**H**AVING read your Letter over and over, I found in it many things worthy to be Answer'd, and more to be blam'd: for considering what you write, and how you write, it is impossible but you should weary your Pen, and tire out your Reason. You ought not only to have regard what, but to whom you Address your self; for Men of Quality and Slaves are not to be accosted after the same manner; too much haste and negligence for the most part favouring of Disrespect. Take it for granted, Sir, the Reader's Authority is very much lessen'd by the Writers Assurance; and therefore I would advise you for the future to sit down, and consider what you are to say, and how you shall express it before you begin your Letter; for an Absurdity, if it be folly to speak, it will be much greater to write it. Never begin any Letter of importance till you have first made a rough Draught of your Design, for otherwise you will write what will certainly be laughed at, and request what will as surely be rejected. Sir, you say you desire me for your Lord, yet have chosen me for your Friend, but I must tell you there is so great difference between these two Offices,  
that

that were you sensible of it, you would neither ask the one, nor think of the other at the same time : for where a Friend is engag'd at liberty, a Lord is taken thro necessity ; a Friend serves, a Lord requires Service ; a Friend gives, a Lord takes ; a Friend endures, a Lord blusters ; a Friend is silent, where a Lord condemns ; and lastly, a Friend Pardons, when a Lord Revenges. So that this being true, I hold it impossible they should ever agree together ; you to be my Vassal, and I to be your Friend. In making me your Lord, you must serve, follow, obey, and fear me, all which are both prejudicial to Liberty, and Enemies of Repose ; so that you must often feel disquiet, and likewise cause me some trouble. It may also happen, where I command you as a Lord, you may think to obey me as a Friend, and so believe your self justified, where I am disappointed and wrong'd. To ask me likewise to be your Friend, is to require the greatest Slavery imaginable, for I am thereby oblig'd to be yours all my life long ; for true Friendship cannot be such where the Person belov'd does not continue the same with the Lover. Friends are to be so absolutely united, that they are to have but one Tongue to talk with, the same Feet to walk with, and but one Heart to produce inseparable Affections ; in a manner that one Life supports, and one Death ends 'em. It is very strange for one Friend to tell another, *He won't do such a thing, or, he cannot*, when the Laws of true Friendship oblige him to give

all he has, and do all he can. In a Friends House ought neither to be Weights nor Measures, Bonds nor Bills, Property nor Thievery, for there we may enter without knocking, and take without asking. He ties himself up very strictly that enters the Lists of Friendship, for in such Case he has neither power to deny, nor leave to excuse. I cannot take him for my Friend, or even a good Neighbour, that when he gives, does it by Weight and Measure, and sometimes when I ask, refuses me; for where is the reason that he should not partake of my Wants, who is the only Object of my best Wishes? *Seneca* in his Book, *De Ira*, says. *A Wise Man ought to have but one Friend, and likewise must take care he have no Enemies.* Which was well advis'd, since Enemies are dangerous, and too many Friends troublesome; for the Rules of Friendship are so very nice, that where many pretend, few are able to perform 'em. A True Friend's Motto is, that *He would sooner suffer for our Honour, than be reliev'd by our Fault.* The Philosopher *Mimus* said, *He had a greater regard to the Love in his Friends Heels, than Grief in his own Heart.* Also true Friends are oblig'd to have the same sense of anothers Misfortunes, as they have of their own; and at the same time are not only to be sensible, but also assisting in a Remedy; for otherwise where they accept their Tears, they will have reason to complain of their Stinginess or Neglect. The Philosopher *Eschines* being ask'd, *What was the greatest trouble of this Life?* answer'd, *To lose what one Wins, and*  
part



*part from what one Likes :* Which was happily spoken, for in the one a Man loses his pains, and in the other his pleasure. It is another privilege of Friendship, that we resent a Wrong done to a Friend in the same degree as to our selves ; for no sooner can he be afflicted than we are to be disquieted. We ought to make choice of such as are Discreet to Advise, and Powerful to Defend ; for if they want Discretion, we shall need Council in Prosperity ; and if Power, Relief in Adversity : so that even amidst our Pleasures we may as well be lost, as in our greatest Troubles ruin'd. Great occasion has every Man for a true Friend, who may assist when present, and defend him when absent, insomuch that he that has met with such a one may well boast himself possess'd of the greatest Treasure upon Earth ; for he is to Relieve him with his Estate, Council him with his Prudence, Defend him by his Power, and Correct him when he does amiss ; so that it is both his Duty and our Happiness to keep us from falling when staggering, as to lift us up when down. It is also requir'd in a true Friend to be both Discreet and Secret ; for if he be a Fool he is not to be endur'd, and if a Babler may soon ruin us. Our Estate, Person, Conscience, or Life may be entrusted with a Relation, Acquaintance, or Neighbour, but our Secrets must only be confided to a Friend. It also comes under the Rules of Friendship not only to conceal all one hears, but also to be silent of all one sees ; For Men have ever valued them-

themselves upon holding their peace, when they generally repent of too much talking. Never must one Friend flatter another, for the more we love, the more we are oblig'd to Favour, Defend, Counsel and Correct. Also never reproach for Benefits done, but be satisfied with our bare trouble for a Reward; for the Heart is never more at ease than when it has discharg'd it self honourably to a Friend. Also in a dangerous Distemper we must not always expect a Friend should ask our assistance, for oftentimes he may grieve long before he cares to complain. Virtue has sometimes Friends, and Prosperity is never without 'em; but be they what they will, they are both known in Adversity, for where the better sort follow Virtue, the greater part will be sure to wait upon Fortune. All Acquaintance are not proper for Friends, for tho they may be honest enough, yet they are generally indiscreet; and where we may be allow'd to have a respect for their Persons, it will not be prudence to trust 'em with our Secrets. These and many other Qualities are to be requir'd in a true Friend, all which tho you may find in my Mouth, yet I would not advise you to expect 'm in my Heart, and therefore you would do wisely neither to think of me for your Lord, nor choose me for a Friend; for as to one, I am not powerful enough, and the other not good enough. No more, but God Preserve you, and give me Grace to serve and obey Him.

*Logronio, May 3.*  
1526.

LET-

## LETTER V.

*To the Abbot of Monferrat; in which he Treats of the Oratories of the Ancients, together with some few Reflections on the Court.*

Most Reverend and Holy Abbot,

THE Eleventh of *May*, a Monk of yours, Father *Roderigo*, gave me your Reverences Letter, which I not only receiv'd with Joy, but also Read with Pleasure; and that because sent from so Noble a Friend, and brought by so good a Brother. Of the Emperor *Aurelian*, 'tis reported, that the Consul *Domicius* his Dispatches were so very troublesome to him, he would run 'em over slightly indeed, but never take any farther notice of 'em; when on the contrary, those of the Censor *Annius Turinus*, he not only Read deliberately, but speedily Answered with his own Hand. In truth, Sir, there are some Men so very troublesome in Conversation, and impertinent in Writing, that one would sooner chuse to endure a Calenture, than either hear them Talk, or Read their Letters. But this is not to be wondered at, since the various Constitutions and Conditions of Men, often occasion the Heart to desire what it should hate, and be indifferent in what it should Love. I mean, I am always too negligent

ligent to hear from *Monferrat*, and yet am still pleas'd at Court. You desire to know, Reverend Father, if the Ancients had Oratories like us, and where they were to be found; in which I will satisfy you, as to what I have Read, or can at present Remember. The Oracle of the *Sicilians* was *Bacchus*; Of the *Rhodians*, *Ceres*; of the *Ephesians*, their great *Diana*; of the *Philistines*, *Belus*; of the *Greeks*, *Delphos*; of the *Numidians*, *Juno*; of the *Romans*, *Berecinthia*; of the *Thebans*, *Venus*; and lastly of the *Spaniards*, *Proserpine*; whose Temple was in *Cantabria*, now *Navarre*. What we Christians call an Hermitage, they then nam'd an Oracle, which was always plac'd in some Remote part, or City of great Veneration. There one Priest always attended close lock'd up; for they that went on Pilgrimage thither, were to kiss the Walls, and pay their Devotion without entring, except the Priests only, and Foreign Ambassadors. Near this Oracle were Trees planted, within it Lamps continually burning, and the Roof of it was all of Lead. At the Door stood a great Image to receive Devotion, near which was an Altar placed for Sacrifice, and a House built to lodge Pilgrims. *Plutarch* exceedingly commends *Alexander* the Great, because wherever he Conquer'd he order'd Temples to pray in, and Oracles to Visit. King *Antigonus*, once Page to *Alexander*, and Father of *Demetrius*; tho' he was blam'd by Historians for being Arbitrary and Dissolute, yet they greatly magnifi'd him for his Devotion, in go-  
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ing once a Week to the Temple, and once a Month to the Oracle. The Senate of *Athens* honour'd *Plato* much more after his Death, than when he was Alive; and their Reason was, because he at length, retir'd from Study and Books to the Oracle of *Delphos*, where he Liv'd, Dy'd, was Buried, and afterwards ador'd for a God. *Archidamas* the *Grecian*, Son of *Agefilaus*, having govern'd the Commonwealth of *Athens* 22 Years; and moreover, obtain'd many Signal Victories both by Land and Sea; at length caus'd a Famous Oracle to be Built upon the steep Mountains of *Argos*, where he ended his Life; as also chose a Sepulchre. Of all the Oratories of the Ancients, that in the Isle of *Delphos* was the most Famous; for thither all Nations had recourse, brought most Offerings, and there made most Vows, and received most Answers from their Gods. When *Camillus* had overcome the *Samnites*, the *Romans* vow'd to make an Image of Gold and send it to their Oracle; Whereupon the Ladies tore off the Chains from their Necks, Bracelets from their Arms, and the very Rings from their Fingers, to promote so Pious a design, whereby they receiv'd great Honour, as also some Privileges. I thought fit to give you these Examples, Reverend Father, that you might know, 'tis no new thing to have Oratories and Oracles; The difference berwixt ours and theirs being, the one was appointed by Men, and the other chosen by God. I never pass by your thick Woods, daring Mountains, frightful Precipices, and ga-



ping Gulphs, but I immediately dispose my self to Devotion; and would to God I could continue the same here: But woe is me! Woe is me! Father Abbot, that the older I grow, the worse I am; for in Wishes I am only a Saint, where in Works I still continue a Sinner. I know not whether it be because Friends advise me, Parents importune me, Enemies misguide me, Business hinders me, *Cæsar* employs me, or the Devil tempts me; that the more I resolve to retire from this bad World, the more I find my self engag'd in it. But, is there any sincere Pleasure in the Court? No certainly. For here we suffer Hunger, Cold, Thirst, Weariness, Poverty, Sadness, Trouble, Disgrace, and Persecution; and this, because we have no body to deprive us of our Liberty, or take account of our Ease. Believe me, Father Abbot, Your Country is much safer to live in both for Soul and Body than ours here; for at Court 'tis better to Hear than Act, See than Reflect, and Suffer than Resent. At Court he that is Poor is soon forgot, and he that is Rich is quickly Persecuted. At Court the Poor Man has nothing to Eat; and the Rich rarely any Vertues to boast of. At Court there are few Live satisfi'd, yet all are Ambitious of it. At Court every body is for displacing, and no body for obeying. At Court none care for dying there, yet all are for keeping there. At Court most do what they should not, but few what they ought. At Court all rail at it, yet none care to leave it; and lastly, I affirm, what I have oftentimes



oftentimes Preach'd, that the Court is only fit for Laicks that may get by it, and Youth that can abide by it. If on these conditions, Reverend Father, you have a mind to come hither, I am ready to change with you for *Monferrat*, when you please: But nevertheless, as my Friend, must tell you at the same time, you'l sooner repent being a Courtier, than I an Abbot. From the Hands of Father *Roderigo*, I receiv'd the Spoons you sent, and return you a Book in Exchange: So that as I shall not want where-withal to Eat, you may stand in need of nothing to Pray. As for what you write about the Monastery, do you Importune GOD as my Friend, and I'll Solicite *Cæsar* as yours. No more, but God keep you always under his Sacred Protection.

*Valladolid, Jan. 7,*

1535.

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L E T.

## LETTER VI.

*To a particular Friend of the Author's, Advising him not to be Covetous and Griping, illustrated with severe Reflections on that Vice.*

Much-Esteem'd, tho Covetous SIR,

THE good Emperor *Titus*, Son of *Vespasian*, and Brother of *Domitian*, was so very well belov'd throughout the whole *Roman* Empire, that when he died, these Words were engrav'd on his Tomb, *Deliciae Morientur Generis Humani*; The Comfort and Delight of Mankind is Deceas'd. Of which Excellent Person it is related by *Suetonius*, that being once at Supper with divers Princes and Ambassadors, he all of a sudden fetch'd a deep sigh, and cry'd out, *Diem Amisimus, Amici*; which he might have made clearer by saying, *Let not this day be reckon'd amongst the rest of my Life, since I have done no manner of good in it.* Also *Plutarch* writes of *Alexander the Great*, that many Philosophers disputing in his Presence about the Happiness of Human Life, he deliver'd his Opinion thus, *Believe me Friends, and do not doubt it, the greatest Pleasure in this World is having wherewithall to give, and wanting a Heart to Punish.* Likewise the same Author tells you of *Theopompus the Theban*, that being ask'd by a Soldier for Subsistence, and not

not having any Money, he gave him the very Shoes off from his Feet, saying, *If I had any thing better thou shouldst have it, but having not, be contented with these for the present, and I will take care for thy Pay; for I think it much more just that I should go Unshod than thou Unfed.*

Dionysius the Tyrant coming one day into his Son's Chamber, and seeing great Treasure every where heap'd up, reprimanded him severely in this manner, *Son I gave you not these Riches to hoard, but distribute, there being no Person so Potent as the Liberal and Generous, for he thereby both preserves his Friends, and gains the good will of his Enemies.* Sir, I have made use of these several Examples to hint something of moment to you, which had you been in *Castile* as you are in *Andaluzia*, I had not writ but whisper'd in your Ear; for tho we may have liberty to correct our Friends, yet we are by no means to scandalize'em. Some *Andalusians* have acquainted me here, and others inform'd me from your parts, that you are lately grown very Covetous and Gripping, both which I'll Assure you have not only Afflicted, but extreamly Affronted me: for Covetousness and Honour are so very Incompatible, that they never reside in one Person, or ever come under one Roof. All other wicked People have their pleasures in Vice, except the Miser only, who grieves for what others possess, yet will not enjoy what he has of his own. The Curse of a Covetous Man is, that he is always jealous his Tenants won't pay him, his Cattle can't eat Stubble, that Hunters

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will

will break down his Hedges, or Thieves rob his House, and yet he can never wish to keep his Money safer from any one than he does from himself. The Miser's chiefest delight is in weighing his Gold, counting his Silver, selling his Wine, storing his Granary, starving his Family, and Multiplying his Cattle; nay, his greatest glory is to Get, and not Spend; Ask and not Give; Lend and never Borrow with design to Repay. But still he is not to be envy'd, for his plagues are much greater when you ask him a Farthing for Matches, a Penny for Small Beer, a Half-penny for Pot-herbs, Twopence for Oyl, and as much for Sallet; for then he will soon fill the House with Clamour, and give his Wife and Children to the Devil for the sake of a little Mammon. No common Bounty does God bestow upon such as are generous; for could the Miser once taste of their Satisfaction in giving, he would scarce ever after retain Necessaries for himself. The generous Person cannot possibly give more than will be given him, for whatever Favours he bestows, he is still sure to have his Liberty to himself: Also he is Lord where ever he lives, and Master where ever he comes, for being assur'd of a Noble Return, no Person will ever deny him any Request. When it fares quite contrary with the Miser, whom none care to talk to, deal with, or come near; he having always his House Nasty, Stockins out at Heels, Cloaths greasy, no Company, nor any thing either to Eat or Drink. How can he be expected to  
relieve

relieve another's Misfortunes, who won't keep the Water out of his own Shoes? How can he be suppos'd to give Alms that regards not his own Wants? Who can think he will Entertain Strangers freely, who starves his own Flesh and Blood? How can the Poor expect Wood from him that stifles himself with Muck? Or, why should they hope to have any of his Corn, when he designs none of it for his own Use? Who dares be Friend to a Covetous Man, when he is so great an Enemy to himself? How many People do we see daily, to whom God has given Ability to get Riches, Discretion to Preserve 'em, Wisdom to Protect 'em, Life to Possess 'em, but not a Heart to Enjoy 'em; so that having it in their power to become Masters of another's Wealth, they are nevertheless Slaves to their own. How much better were an honest Poverty, than such cursed Avarice; since the Poor can be contented with little, when the Rich won't be satisfied with much? What greater Plague can happen to any Man, than to desire what others possess, yet to want what he has in his own power? What can he be said to enjoy that does not enjoy himself? The Miser has his Eyes always busied on his Vines he is Planting, his Hands on his Money he is receiving, his Tongue on his Factors he is trusting, his Feet on his Cattle he is Visiting, his time on his Snares he is preparing, his Ears on his Accounts he is taking, his Body on his Bargains he is making, and his Heart on his Treasure he is hoarding, so that whilst he

thus neglects himself he may well be said to have the least share of himself. Whilst Covetous Men have not the Heart to relieve or entertain their Friends, can it be expected they should afford any thing to themselves? No certainly, for they'll think all such Expences as ill bestow'd as Money upon Thieves that Rob'em. 'Tis false to say, a Miser is rich; since he has not possession of Wealth, but rather that of him, He having only the trouble of getting, danger of keeping, plague of defending, and torment of paying out; and if it were not for very shame, I believe he would sooner content himself with Bread and Onyons, than rob his Purse of a single Farthing. The Covetous Person's condition is not so good as the Potters, for where he makes profitable use of Dirt, the Miser will not so much as touch his Gold. Also the one gets his living by selling Pots, whilst the other forfeits his honour by heaping up Riches. The safer a Miser keeps his Wealth, always the more satisfied he is, and where three Locks suffice his Chest, a hundred will scarce content his Heart. A generous Person ought to take a great deal of care not to fall into this Vanity, for where once it has taken the least possession, it will cause a Man to degenerate more and more every day. To revenge ones self on a Covetous Man, the best way were, to wish he would live long, for certainly no Pennance under the Sun can equal his rigid self denial. May I never be credited, if when I was Visitor at *Arevalo*, I did not know a  
very



very rich Man, who of all his Plenty eat nothing but the rotten Fruit, perished Grapes, tainted Flesh, Mouldy Corn, sower Wine, Mousse-eaten Cheese, and rusty Bacon; so that he liv'd upon only what he could not sell, or otherwise dispose of. Also I confess I went often to visit him, but more out of a desire to observe than have to do with him; for I always found his Rooms full of Cobwebs, Doors off the Hooks, Windows shatter'd, Sashes torn, Floors full of Holes, Roofs untill'd, Chairs broken-back'd, and Chimneys ready to drop; so that his was a Hovel fitter to burn than live in, and more proper for an Alms-house than a Gentleman's. Altho it be pity to prosecute my ill nature farther, yet I cannot help telling you moreover what I heard from his Neighbours, that whenever any Friend or Relation came to visit him, he was wont to make use of their Houses, and borrow all his Entertainment. Very miserable must Avarice needs be, since an ill Reputation can't repress, nor thoughts of Death prevent it; The Covetous and Griping Person's business being only to seek out Cares for himself, Envy from his Neighbours, Jealousie from his Enemies, Plunder for Thieves, Danger for his Body, Damnation for his Soul, Curses from his Heirs, and Suits for his Children. All these things, Sir, I have thought fit to put you in mind of, that you may know what a wretched Profession you are engag'd in, and how extreamly you have been misled; which as to your Friends it is Matter of Dis-

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quite

quiet, to your self it will likewise be indelible Scandal. Reclaim therefore your past Obstina-  
cy, and resolve for the future to live after ano-  
ther manner ; for where a Gentleman may ca-  
sually suffer some breach in his Estate, he is to  
endure none in his Honour. If notwith-  
standing all has been said you are still bent upon  
being Miserable and Covetous, be assur'd from  
this very moment I renounce your Friendship,  
and disclaim any knowledge of you ; not  
thinking it at all for my Reputation to be ac-  
quainted with a Man that will Lie, or Hoard  
up his Money. I send you this Letter with-  
out either Head or Feet, for being on a Sub-  
ject of Anger and Satyr, I could not think it  
reasonable it should either be known to  
whom writ, or by whom written. No more,  
but God keep you, and give me Grace to  
serve him.

*Medina, Apr. 4.*

1535.

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LET.

## LETTER VII.

*To Don Henrique Henriquez ; in Answer  
to several pleasant Questions.*

Much Respected SIR, and my good Old Friend,

**V***Aldivia* your Solicitor gave me lately a Letter, which I presently ghest to be yours by its few Lines, and many Blots : And cannot but think, had God made you a Scrivener, as he did a Gentleman, you would have been much more expert at dying Cordavant Felts, than Writing either Bills or Bonds. Always endeavour, Sir, when-ever you write, to keep your Lines streight, Letters even, Paper clean, Folding exact, and Seals clear ; for it is a receiv'd Maxim at Court, that by what one Writes is shewn one's Prudence, and in what manner our Breeding. In yours were contained many Questions in few Words, and therefore my Answers cannot be expected of larger extent. You first Ask me, what made me come to Court ? To which I Answer, the Cause was rather thro Necessity than Inclination : for in the Suit I then had with the Church of *Toledo*, it was absolutely necessary I should come to defend my self, and promote my right. You next enquire what it is I do here ? Why, setting aside grappling with my Enemies, and enlarging my Business every day, I do nothing but undo my self. Then you

have a mind to know what is my chiefeſt Employment? Why, truly according to a Courtier's Office of Wiſhing ill, Sowing Strife, Blaſpheming, Epicurizing, Lying, Undermining, and Defaming, I may rather be ſaid to be ruin'd than Employ'd. Next, you would be inform'd who I moſt converſe with; To which I anſwer, that from our Childhood our chiefeſt buſineſs here is not to ſeek whom we may converſe with, but rather whom we ought to avoid. We have ſcarce time ſufficient to defend our ſelves from our Enemies, and yet you would have us employ the greateſt part in looking after new Friends. In Princes Courts there may indeed be Converſation, but ſeldom any Affociation; for there Enmity is generally a Native, when Friendſhip is an utter Stranger. The Court is of that pernicious Quality, that they are always worſt thought on who are viſited ofteneſt, and worſt dealt by who are ſpoken beſt of. Thoſe who have a mind to live at Court, if they will be curious and no Fools, may find many things to ſtand in awe of, but more to defend themſelves from. You Enquire, Sir, how ſtand the Differences between the Admiral and Count *de Miranda*? in which I can ſatisſie you no farther, than that they both ſtill find wherewithall to keep one another in play. You alſo ask, what News from the Emperour? Whether will he ſpeedily return or not? As to both which, all we know at preſent is, that the *Turk* is retreated, *Florence* Agreed, the Duke of *Milan* reduc'd, the *Venetians*

netians have furl'd up their Topfails, the Pope and Emperor have a right Understanding between 'em, the States of *Naples* are divided, the Cardinal of *Colonna* is dead, the Marquess of *Villafrauca* made Viceroy, the Prince of *Orange* Murther'd, and the Chancellor and Confessor have each a Cap given 'em. Other secret News they write from thence, as it may be pleasant for us to hear, it must needs be much more grievous to them that suffer; and which is, that many of those Gallants that waited on the Emperor into *Italy* are there fallen deeply in Love, and have fool'd away most of their Money; but in this case I can assure you, their Ladies are resolv'd to be even with 'em, for if they leave any great Belies behind, they must expect to find the like here when they come home. You desire moreover, Sir, to know how our Provisions hold out this *Lent*? To which I answer, that thanks be to God we are neither like to want Store of Fish, nor Sins to confess. You likewise Enquire, whether things with us be dear or cheap? As to which I must inform you what my Steward the other day told me, that from *October* to *April* I had spent above 140 Ducats in Wood and Coal, and the reason was, because this City of *Medina* is rich in Holidays, but poor Woods, in a manner that here our Fires almost stand us in as much as our Feasts. There are other things to be had at a much easier rate, such as dreadful Lies, ridiculous News, Debauch'd Women, Feign'd Friendship, continual

nual Envy, Ungenerous Malice, Vain Words, and false Hopes, all which we have in so great Plenty, that we might even set up a Fair on their single account. You likewise ask, whether Matters are easily dispatch'd at Court, you having occasion to solicit something? I answer, that in regard all things here are either Weighty, Irksom, Prolix, Coltly, Intricate, Unfortunate, Hunted after, Wish'd for, Lamented, or Disorder'd; Of Ten you shall get well dispatch'd, you shall find above Ninety nine succeed otherwise. Then you would know if our Fair be extraordinary? Why, in good Faith, as I am a Courtier, and deeply engag'd in Law, I have neither Merchandize to sell, nor any Money to buy; and therefore where I cannot commend, I find no occasion to blame: But however I sometimes walk a turn or two among the Shops, and observe so many rich things, that as I have a kind of pleasure in the bare sight, so I must needs own I have no ordinary uneasiness in not being able to purchase 'em. The Empress was pleas'd the other day to honour it with her presence, but as a most wise Princess, would carry not so much as one of her Ladies along with her, well knowing their Sparks to be so very poor, and Inclinations so fervent, that where it might be proper to ask a Fairing, they would infallibly be oblig'd to pay for it themselves. You next enquire, whether the Court be healthy or not? Why truly, as to Corporal Infirmities, we are pretty well in health, except the Licentiate *Alarzon* only, who



who talking the other day earnestly in Council, dropt down dead of a sudden, whose death, tho it frightened all, yet reform'd none. But as to Spiritual Maladies we have good store, such as Anger, Envy, Lust, Malice, Pride, Covetousness, Gluttony, Villany, Perjury, and what not; all which are not only damage to the Body, but also pernicious to the precious Soul. I have often had recourse to your Letter, to consider whether I had answer'd it fully or not, and find there is nothing left but to tell you it seem'd to me rather a parcel of Interrogatories to Examine Witnesses, than an Epistle sent to a Friend. I have nothing more to add, but that I am very weary, and quite tired out; and that not with Answering, but Construing your confounded Letter. God keep you, and give me Grace to serve Him.

*Medina del Campo,*  
*June 5. 1532.*

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## L E T T E R VIII.

*To the Duke of Alva; Of Sickness and its Benefits.*

Most Illustrious and highly esteem'd Sir,

**A**T the time *Palomeque* your Servant came to visit me, and brought your Grace's Letter, I was seiz'd with so violent a Feaver, that I had neither power to Read, nor so much as Inclination to speak a word; But afterwards, my fit a little abating, I had more leisure to Peruse, and was exceedingly Obliged by your Grace's kind Wishes for my Health, and Concern for my Misfortune. Believe me, Sir, whilst my Feaver was on me I had much greater desire to Drink than Read; for I'll assure you, I would then have given all my Library for but a glass of Cold Water. By yours I understand your Grace has also been ill, and that you are therewithal very well satisfi'd, both because happily recover'd, as also for the future resolv'd to keep even with your Sins, and abstain from all manner of Excess. For my part, my Lord, I am extreamly sorry for your Sickness, as I am exceedingly pleas'd with your Pious Resolutions; altho' it be true, I should be much more contented to see you fulfil, than hear you Promise; for where Sick People always abound with Vows and Wishes, Paradise

dise admits only of good Works. But however, in my opinion, there is nothing shews a Wise Man more than to behave himself well in Adversity, and to benefit by his Infirmary. As there is no greater Madness than to Misemploy one's health, so there is no Wisdom exceeds his that is the better for his Illness; for as the Apostle said, *Cum infirmor tunc fortior sum.* *The Weaker I am the Wiser I grow.* The Prudent Sick Person being neither swell'd by Pride, nor Combated by Luxury, assaulted by Avarice, nor Molested by Envy, rais'd by Anger, nor Abased by Sloth; nor, in a Word, is he ever troubled with points of Honour or any such Fooleries. Would to God, My Lord Duke, we could become when well, what we promise to be while Sick. All the concern of a bad Christian when ill, is, to get soon well; not that he may repent, but rather Sin on and take a farther glut of the World: when the chief desire of a good Man, is, to recover his health, only that he may have more time to amend his Life. In time of Sicknes, we are neither sensible of Kindness or ill-will, either of Friends or Enemies; mind neither Riches nor Poverty, Honour nor Dishonour, Delights nor Disgusts, Commanding nor Obeying, heaping up Wealth nor losing it: Nay, in fine, would be willing to part with whatever we had been getting all our Lives time, to be but rid of a single pain in the Head. When ill we cannot have the least relish of Pleasure, and when well the greatest fatigue is tolerable. What can

can he be said to want that has his health, or he to enjoy, that stands in need of it? What does it signifie to have a Down Bed, if we cannot take a wink of Sleep on it? Or the best Wine if our Physicians forbids us the tast of it? What does it avail to have many Dishes set on our Table, if the bare sight offends us; or our Chests full of Gold, if the greatest part must be spent upon Doctors and Apothecaries? Health is so great a Treasure, that we must not only watch diligently over it, but pray continually for it; which, nevertheless is commonly neglected, since we find that Blessing is seldom sufficiently known, till lost. *Plutarch, Nigidius, Aristonius, Dioscorus, Plotinus, Nicephalus*, and others, have writ many Tracts and Discourses how to restore and preserve health: Yet I am of opinion, where they have once happen'd to be in the right, they have a hundred times rel'y'd barely upon Fancies and Conjectures, which generally prove ineffectual. Believe me, my Lord Duke, in what I am going to affirm by Experience; that the best and surest means to Establish Health, and abate most Maladies, is, to avoid Discontent, and eat but very sparingly. How exceedingly advantagious must it needs be, both for our Souls and Bodies to live without Epicurizing or Melancholizing; for excess in Eating corrupts the Humours, and too much trouble Enervates the Mind. If Men would neither exceed in Eating or Grieving, Diseases would not find wherewithal to Prey upon us, nor vexations to torment us; for if we observe, the  
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common cause of all our Misery proceeds, either from our Appetites or our Fancy. Experience teaches us every day, that Madmen, Fools, and Blockheads, are the only healthy and happy People; for they neither trouble themselves with Honour, nor are sensible of any affront: When on the contrary, the Wise and Discreet are not only concern'd for what Men say, but also, for what they imagine they think. There are some so very conceitedly acute, that they will not content themselves, to put their own constructions upon Words, but also think it for their Honour to guess at other Men's thoughts; which only occasions them to be a plague to themselves, and to deserve the Ill-will of every body else. I dare affirm no Poyson can prove so pernicious to Humane Life, as profound Melancholy, for then the Afflicted Heart wearies it self out with Sighing, and bursts it self with Sobbing. And moreover, I will be positive, that amongst the wisest of this World, cares occasion more Distempers than Gluttony, for we may every day observe the Brisk and Sprightly to be fat and well Complexion'd; When the Melancholy and Heavy are for the most part Thin, Lean, and Consumptive. I must confess to your Grace, upon this occasion, that the late Fever I had, proceeded rather from Thoughts than Victuals; for if I had not perplexed my self about a trifling affair, I might now have been able to eat a Belly full without any danger. You write me, Sir, you have got a great Rheum by Sleeping on the ground  
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in this hot Month of *August*, and I am much of your opinion; for where Sweating sometimes relieves, it oftner occasions Coughing that does us a great deal of injury. Also I understand by your Letter, you would have me send you some News; But I must inform you, that in this Court there is little to be trusted to Paper, and much to be spoken in the Ear; for matters belonging to Princes and great Men, may indeed be heard, but withal, must never be divulg'd. Here and elsewhere, I have often observ'd, Men profit themselves by silence, when others have been ruin'd by their Babling: Wherefore I must needs beg your Grace's Excuse for the present, and when we next meet, my Tongue shall endeavour to make good the defaults of my Pen. No more, but God keep your Grace always under his Sacred Protection.

*Burgos, Octob. 15.*

1524.

L E T.



## LETTER IX.

*To Don John Parellofo : That we may be serviceable to Women in their Husbands Absence, but are not to Visit 'em.*

SIR,

Alexander the Great being in Egypt, a poor Man, named *Biancius*, came to Ask his Leave and Charity to Marry his Daughter, both which the good Prince not only readily granted, but also gave him moreover the Command of a very rich and populous City ; whereupon the frighted *Egyptian* thus spoke to the generous Emperor : Consider mighty Prince what you give, and to whom you are so bountiful, for otherwise, perhaps, it may one day happen you'll think your self as much deceiv'd in the Person, as I am surpriz'd with the Gift. To which the Noble Monarch instantly reply'd, I am not overseen in what I preffer, nor to whom I give ; neither am I ignorant of what you Ask : Take therefore the City, and be silent, for where you request only like *Biancius*, I grant as Alexander. The most Serene Queen *Cleopatra*, tho she were to be blam'd for the looseness of her Life, yet the generosity of her Gifts were much more commendable ; for they seldom barely suffic'd to relieve a Necessity, but also frequently extended to support a Noble Title. I mention these two Examples, Sir, because

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in return for my News of the Emperor's coming into *Spain*, I ask'd a Pot of *Portugal* Marmalade, and you sent me a strong Mule; in a manner that herein I might be said to represent *Biancius* the *Egyptian*, as you *Alexander* the Great. All that hereafter hear or read of this will praise my Modesty, where they will surely extoll your Bounty, for if I have shew'd my self little Covetous by my Demands, you have been abundantly more Generous in your Gift. I was some time since to see your Present, and have often prov'd and approv'd of him, and find him of so good size, and so very gentle, that in my Opinion he deserves to be beltrid not only by a Mitre, but even by a Cardinal's Cap. My Servant nevertheless brings you him again, and this Letter testifies my hearty Thanks for the use of him; for tho Friends may be allow'd to be serviceable to one another, yet they are by no means to spur a free Horse to death; so that as you have been sufficiently generous in lending your Mule so long, I think my self no less oblig'd to return him as soon as I have done. True Friends are to be sparing of Words, but prodigal of good Works; and therefore I promise on the Word of a Christian, when the Emperor pays me for my Services, I'll recompence you for your Civilities. By yours you desire to know, how Messer *Angelo's* Wife does, and whether I have heard from her Husband since he went for *Italy*; and this because she is your Aunt,  
and

and he was formerly my Neighbour. But here-upon I must tell you, I have neither seen, nor intend to see her, unless she sends for me: For tho we are oblig'd to be serviceable to Women in their Husband's absence, yet we are by no means to Visit 'em. Two things are neither to be lent nor trusted, and they are the Sword you wear, and a Wife you have Married; for in *Spain* a Husband looks but very awkward without either a Sword by his Side, or a Wife in his Bosom. The Chast *Lucretia's* Husband *Colatinus* being in the Camp against the *Volsicians*, Dissolute *Tarquin* would needs Visit her, from whence ensued his Incensing *Rome*, the ruine of their Army, the *Heroine's* Suicide, and his own Destruction. I say this, Sir, because where we may be allow'd to assist our Friends Wives with Money during their Husband's absence, and solicit any Affair for 'em when desired, we are by no means to assume a liberty of Treating and making 'em Visits; and this because the Malice of Men is diligent, as the Honour of Women nice: therefore we must take more than ordinary care, we neither give their Neighbours cause of suspicion, nor Husbands of Jealousie. As to what you farther desire, I will speak to the Lord Chancellor with all my Heart, and if he does not happen to comply with your expectations, you shall soon have an account. A Man that has to do with the Court must neither want Patience, nor abound with Assurance, for there an Ounce of Fortune is always worth more than

a Hundred weight of Desert. We see every day here Matters of greatest Right over-ruled, when such as have the least pretence shall be almost sure to succeed, in a manner, that at Court we are not to Hope upon any Merit, nor Despair upon any Defect. I would not have you think, I say, this to be excus'd from serving you, but rather that you may not be disturb'd when disappointed, nor concern'd if your Business goes amiss; for where Matters of Honour require the greatest Grief, our Estate may be prejudic'd with more indifference. No more, but God preserve you, and give me Grace to serve Him.

*Burgos, Jan. 30.*  
1523.

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LET.

## LETTER X.

*To Don Hernando de Toledo ; Concerning  
what the Egyptians were wont to do for  
their Dead Friends.*

Magnificent and Discreet S I R,

**I**F my Answer to yours be short, impute the fault wholly to my Cursed Gout, which as it suffers me neither to Walk nor Sleep, has also absolutely deprived me of the Use of my Fingers; nay more, has left me nothing sound in my Body, except my Heart, wherewith I Sigh, and my Tongue, with which I Complain. Our common Compliment to one another when we meet, is, *How do you do ? How do you find your self ? How have you done a great while ?* and the like ; all which are highly commendable, and never to be forgot ; for he that has a *Real* to spend, and Health to enjoy, has neither cause to be afflicted, nor reason to be offended. Your noble Brother my Lord Duke of *Alva*, came the other day to visit me, and afterwards sent me a precious Ointment, for which I pray God both to preserve his Person and Enlarge his Fortune, since his Unction gave me a great deal of Ease, and his Presence afforded me no less Comfort. Sir, I give you abundance of Thanks for the Letter you sent, and the Money you order'd me : altho it be true that where you

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design'd it to buy Books, the greater part must be expended on Doctors and Apothecaries. Moreover, your Bounty has been so very liberal upon this Occasion, that you have not only enabled me to pay my Debts, and cure my Ailments, but also furnish'd me wherewithall to regale my self when well; wherefore I cannot but Promise, that in me your Family shall never want a faithful Friend, nor your Vertues a lowd Hera!d. You say, Sir, that having heard me Preach the other day before the Emperor in his Chapel; You now desire I would repeat with my Pen what I then utter'd with my Tongue, which I will endeavour to comply with, tho it be both contrary to my custom, and repugnant to my inclination. The Text was in the 19th of *Leviticus*, the 27th and 28th Verses; where God Commands the *Israelites* neither to round the corners of their Heads, nor Mar the Points of their Beards: To make any Cuttings in their Flesh, nor Print any Marks upon it on account of the Dead. For the clearing of which Command, it is to be understood, the Children of *Israel* liv'd so long in *Egypt*, that they contracted many ill Habits from those People, who were all naturally Negromancers, Magicians, Wizards, and Astrologers. Of all Nations none we read of made so much ado about their Dead as the *Egyptians*, who whenever a Friend died, always shew'd him far more respect than while he liv'd; insomuch that if a Father lost a Son, a Son a Father, or one Friend was depriv'd of another,



ther, they us'd to shave off half their Hair as a Hieroglyphick, to demonstrate they had parted with half of themselves. And therefore 'twas God commanded the *Israelites* neither to shave their Heads, nor mar their Beards, and this, that they might not become like the *Egyptians*. Also the *Egyptian* Women, when their Husbands, Children, or Relations died, were wont to tear their Flesh, and flaw their Faces with their Nails; and therefore 'twas God forbid his People disfiguring themselves, that they might not be like to them. Likewise the lesser Priests at the Funerals of the greater, were accusom'd to mark their Flesh with red-hot Irons, either on their Hands, Arms, or Breasts; to the end that whenever they beheld those Scars, they might immediately be dispos'd to lament their Loss. In like manner they had a Custom, that whenever a King or Prince died, all his Officers were instantly oblig'd to lash themselves with Knives in some visible part of their Body; insomuch that he who was observ'd to have most Wounds, was always look'd upon to be the greatest Mourner. And hence it is, that God forbid the *Israelites* both Marking and Cutting their Flesh; all which Ceremonies being in themselves superstitious, and no doubt invented by the Devil, for that they were not only a damage to the Living, but also no advantage to the Dead. Gods Prohibiting these and many things more in the old Law, such as, *Not to Plow with an Ox and an Ass; Not to Sow Wheat or Barley in the same Ground; Not*

to Couple an Ass and a Mare; Not to Wear Linnen and Woollen; and the like; let no Man think were frivolous and trifling, but on the contrary highly Mysterious; for these Ceremonies being customary among the Egyptians, God would by no means have his People to make use of 'em. Nevertheless we must not hereby understand, that he forbad 'em lamenting their Dead after another manner; since shaving their Heads, flaving their Faces, marking their Limbs, and wounding their Bodies, was wholly in their Power to do, or let alone; when a Decent Sorrow for the loss of a Friend was not possible to be avoided. As a Man is to be known by his Heart, so God made him with a Heart, that is, gave him liberty to be sad, and forbad him not to Complain; the Heart of Man being in it self tender, and not able to part with any thing it loves without Concern. Moreover Experience teaches us every day, even in Brutes, that take away one, and the other will be sure to mourn; which is demonstrable in that the Lyon roars, Wolf howls, Cow lows, Sheep bleats, Hog grunts, Dog Barks, and Cat Mews, either for the absence or death of their Companions or Young: We being therefore of a far superior condition, why may not we be allow'd to shed Tears, and lament over the Graves of our Friends? *Mimus* the Philosopher was wont to say, *A Man dy'd as often as he saw his Friend buried;* which was true, in that being but one while they liv'd, it is just they should continue the same

same when one dy'd. This, Sir, is what I preach'd to his Majesty in his Chapel, which, if inferior to what I then utter'd, I hope you'll excuse on account of my Gout; for if I have not now the use of my Hands to Eat, how can it be expected I should take any great pleasure to Write. No more, but God Bless you, and give me Grace to serve Him.

*Burgos, March 6.*

1523.

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## LETTER XI.

To Dr. Coronel, his familiar Friend ; in  
Answer to some Demands.

Good D O C T O R,

YOur Servant brought me Orders lately to take care of your Business with the Chancellor, which I immediately set about, and have so far succeeded in, that he professes himself ready to do any thing for your Good, as I to continue always the same Zeal for your Service. The rest of your Letter I will Answer briefly and succinctly as possible. According to desire I was to wait on Captain Cerrato, to make Interest for your Nephew to be his Servant, but found him so cold both in once and twice going, that I had no farther mind to occasion his Affronts, For *Faciem frigus ejus quis sustinebit ? Who is able to endure the Indifference of his Looks ?* Generous Minds and Bashful Countenances resent a Denial much more, where the Person deserves not to be ask'd, than when they themselves pretend not to merit his Consent ; since he may boast of the Honour, where they must blush with the Shame. Nothing is dearer bought than what a Man must beg for, since he gives more that wrecks his Modesty but for a minuit, than that purchases any thing with his whole Estate. As  
great,

great, said the Divine Plato, as is the Satisfaction in Giving, so extraordinary is the Torture we endure in Asking ; for where we give, we purchase another's Liberty ; and when receive, lose our own. The Books you lent I have got bound, but the Money you sent for that purpose I herewith return you ; and my reason is, because a Friend's Charge or Trouble must never be otherwise gratified than by his Correspondent's Acceptance. Friendship founded upon Interest, commonly ends with want ; When among true Friends there is neither bounds to be put to their Service, nor limits to their Expence : Your sending the Three and twenty *Reals* gives me occasion to think, that either your Fraternal Affection fails, or, that you believe my Liberality lessens. You write me word, you desire to know how the Affair goes between me and the Abbot of *Compludo* ; to which I answer, that it is no common Vexation to have to do with such as can never hold their peace, nor ever be at quiet. Men who are loose in their Tongues, and turbulent in their Lives, for the most part ruin the Country where they reside, and torment themselves into the Bargain. Nothing equals a Man's torturing himself ; for where we cannot live easie in this World, we may at worst live satisfied. I say this, Sir, because our Lord Abbot in this Affair behaves himself something like a wild Colt, that stands still to be loaded, and kicks when his Burthen is off. There are a sort of Men that are not only ignorant how to avoid troubles, but also  
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run in the very Mouths of 'em. There are many likewise require more care to keep at rest, than would be necessary to make others work. As to what you say, Sir, of *Francis Mercado*, I have no more to answer, than that where he lost his Person, Family and Estate, we in him are depriv'd both of a sweet Conversation and obliging Behaviour. Also, that I believe we are more concern'd for his Worth, than he for his Loss: And were it now in my power to Relieve him, as it was formerly my Charge to Advise him, I would soon make him as sensible of my Friendship as I am, without him, of my solitude. As to what you farther require, I intend next opportunity to convince you, that it is neither in your Power to Write, nor Ask any thing in vain. No more, but God keep you, and preserve me.

Medina, May 8,

1523.

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LET.



## LETTER XII.

*To Don Pedro Giron; in which the Author gives some hints of the Antients manner of Writing; but Chiefly consisting of Jocular Reflections on a bad Scribe.*

S I R,

**V**illoria, your Servant and Sollicitor, gave me a Letter of yours, here in *Burgos*, Writ at *Ossuna* the 14th of *August*, which tho it was dispatched in that Month, came not hither till the 15th of *November*; so that I find your Letters are so Discreet and Provident, as to see the Harvelt in, and Vintage over, before they set out. But were it hung Beef, as it was a Letter, it had had time sufficient to be well seasoned, and leisure enough to hang in the Smoak. Hereafter, do not suffer the Letters you are to send, and the Daughters you are to Marry to grow stale; for in my Country we keep nothing so, but the Bacon we are to Eat, and the Wine we are to Drink. Much shorter way is it between *Ossuna* and *Burgos*, than *Rome* and *Constantinople*; and yet the Emperor *Augustus* order'd all his Lieutenants in the *East*, that if they did not, within Twenty Days from the Date, receive his Letters, they should afterwards take no notice

notice of them; giving for reason, that during that interval something else might intervene, which might wholly require things to be otherwise disposed. *Tiberius* also, unless his Dispatches from *Asia* came in Twenty; from *Europe* in Fifteen; from *Africk* in Ten; from the Coast of *Ilkrium* in Five; and from all parts of *Italy* in three days, would neither Read, nor give any Credit to 'em. From henceforward therefore, you must agree with your Letters beforehand, that they make more haste, or they will never be receiv'd at the Emperor's Court; for to deal Ingeniously with you, had they been Timber of the Woods of *Soria*, as they were Epistles from *Ossuna*, I will answer for it, they had been so well season'd before they came hither, they had been fit for nothing but Doors and Window-shutters. Tho' I receive many Letters together, I presently know yours from all the rest, and that, because they are always rumpled like a Rag, rusty as Bacon, Moth eaten like Cloth, and Sweaty as an old Waistcoat; and what is yet more, there needs no strength nor force to tear them in opening, because the Seals are already loose, and Wax generally broken. *Philostratus* in the life of *Apollonius Thianens*, says, it was a custom among the *Ypimeans* to date their Letters on the outside, by the Superscription, to the end, that if they were fresh, they should be Read; but if stale, be Torn. Nay, were you an *Ypimean*, as you are a Christian, you might be assured, of a Hundred Letters you Write, Ninety Eight would be

be torn to pieces; nay, I question also whether the other two would be Read. But being granted your Letter was stale, can we say the Hand was either good or legible? No, so far from that, I swear *per Sacra numina*, it rather look'd like Mosaic work than any Gentleman's Writing; so that if the Tutor who had the care of your Youth, had not better instructed you how to Live, than your Master to Write, your Life had been as offensive to God, as your Writing was to me; For I must tell you plainly, if you do not know it already; much rather had I uncipher Characters than Read your Letters. Writing was first invented and improved by degrees; for, as *Strabo De situ Orbis*, has it, Men first writ upon Ashes, then on Barks of Trees, then upon Stones, Laurel-leaves, Sheets of Lead, Vellom, and last of all upon Paper. It is also to be observed, that in Stone they writ with Steel, on Leaves with Pensils, on Ashes with their Fingers, on Barks with pointed Knives, on Vellom with Reeds, and on Paper with Pens. The first Ink used by the Antients was taken out a Fish called *Xibia*; alterwards they made it of Mulberries, then of Soot, then of Vermillion, then of Verdegris; and lastly, of Gum, Galls, Copperas and Wine. Sir, I have mentioned these Antiquities, the better to consider whether your Epistle was writ with Knife, Steel-Bodkin, Reed, or Finger; for being so unintelligible I'm certain could neither be with a Pen nor Pensil. Moreover, Sir, the perfections of  
your

your Letter were, that the Paper was coarse, Ink white, Lines awry, Letters confus'd, and Words blotted; so that either you writ it by Moon light, or else some Child that goes to School did for you. Well, but tho' the Letter was Stale, Open, Sweatty, Torn, and Blotted; Yet it would have been the more tolerable, had it been short, but on the contrary, it was so far from that, there were above two Sheets and half close Writ; so that when I unfolded and looked upon it, I took it rather for a Bill in Chancery preferr'd against me, than a Letter writ to me. I cannot conceive to what purpose your Letters are Closed and Sealed; for to deal freely, I look upon 'em much safer open, than your Money lock'd up. I gave your Epistle to *Peter Colonel*, thinking it might be Hebrew; to Signior *Prexamo*, to know whether it was *Chaldea*; to *Hamet Abducarin*, to be inform'd if it was *Arabick*; to a *Sicilian*, to see whether he could make Greek of it; to Signior *Alaya*, to tell me whether it contain'd any Figures of Astrology; and, in fine, I shew'd it to *Germans, Flemings, English, Scotch, and French*; who all agreed it was either a jest put upon me, or else it had been Enchanted. Most People affirming, it was certainly possess'd; I resolv'd presently to send it to the great Negromancer *Johannes Barbota*, desiring him either to Read, or Exorcise it: but he answer'd, he had conjured and put it into a Circle, yet all he could find by his Art was, there were no Spirits in the Letter; but rather, that he who Writ it

was

was bewitched. By the Love I bear you, and Obligations I owe you, I beg for the future you would either mend your Hand, or keep Intelligence with this Learned Negromancer; otherwise your Letters will pass as undefil'd out of my Hands as *Potiphar's* Wife did from *Joseph*, *Sarah* from *Abimelech*, the *Shunamite* from *David*, the *Carthaginian* Lady from *Scipio*, *Phocinus* his Wife from *Dionysius*, *Darius* his Daughter from *Alexander*, and *Queen Cleopatra* from *Augustus*: In fine, Sir, I must tell you, that either I know not how to read, or you how to write. Had the Letter King *David* sent his General *Joab*, concerning the Death of *Uriah* and Adultery of his Wife, been writ in this Hand, the King had saved the Sin, and Innocent *Uriah* his Life. Had the Articles between *Escaurus* and his Accomplices, in the Conspiracy of *Cataline*, been so ill writ as your Letter, neither had they been put to Death, nor so infamous a War begun in *Rome*. Would to God you had been Secretary to *Manicheus*, *Arrius*, *Nestorius*, *Sipontinus*, *Marius*, *Ebius*, nay, to *Luther*, and all the other Hereticks that have been in the World; for then though they had forced you to write their accursed Heresies, neither we, nor any body else could have understood 'em. All ancient Authors severely reprove *Pliny* in his Natural History, *Clebius* in his Astrology, *Pitus* in his Philosophy, *Cleander* in his Arithmetick, *Stilpon* in his Morals, and *Codrus* in his Politicks; for that they all writ many things easie to read, but very difficult to apprehend. But, Sir, you

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may



may very well List among these Excellent Men, and enter a Member of their Society; for as their Writings are not to be understood, it were impossible yours should ever be read. I often reflect and consider how most things in use amongst us, in process of time, have been renewed or amended, except the Alphabet only, which since its first institution was never yet either increased or corrected. The Alphabet contains Four and twenty Letters, eighteen whereof were invented by *Nestor*, and the other six by the General *Diomedes*, at the Siege of *Troy*; and it is worth observing, that neither the Eloquence of the *Greeks*, nor Curiosity of the *Romans*; the Gravity of the *Egyptians*, nor Wisdom of the Philosophers, could ever find out any Letter to add, or so much as alter; but, that though all Nations differ in other things, yet their Alphabet continues still the same. As *Columbus*, *Ferdinando Cortez*, *Pedriarrias*, and *Pizarro*, have in *India* discover'd a new World to inhabit, so you, perhaps, may have found out a new Alphabet to write by; yet I fear none will go to your School to read, if your Doctrine be no better writ than your Letters. I am satisfied your Cloth will never sell well by that Pattern. I'll say no more as to your Letter, only desire, that the next time you write you will take this for a Copy, and not let yours grow mouldy; and moreover, that you will be pleas'd to mend your Hand, for I have learned long since to read, but never yet to divine. It has come into my thoughts,



thoughts, that perhaps you purposely sent this Letter out of waggery, to provoke me to answer after the same manner; if that were your design, you might well be assur'd, that such as you sowed, you should not fail to reap. There is little worth Writing from this Court, but rather much to rail at. The greatest News at present is, that the Emperor has conferred Titles of Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, and Viscounts, on many of his Subjects, of great Desert, as well for their Personal Merits, as antiquity of their Families. But if you would know what Revenues they enjoy, or Lands possess, I dare not meddle in it; for certainly some of their Estates are so very small, that did they belong to the Friars of St. *Hierome*, they would undoubtedly Wall 'em in. *Roderigo Giron*, your Kinsman, and my very good Friend, desired me in his own Name, and commanded me in yours, to speak to Signior *Antonio de Fonseca*, about a stop that was put to some Payments: I did it as became your Authority and my Fidelity; what is since become of that business, I know not: but this I can assure you, that if he is as intent upon getting your Order, as he has been in playing away his own Money, you will be as well dispatched by the Tellers, as he was the other night by the Gamesters; for, as one of them told me, *Roderigo Giron* lost the very Cap off his Head, and Spurs from his Heels. My Blessing on the Man that takes so much after his Parents, and follows the footsteps of his Family; for as I well remember I

knew his Father, when Alcayde of *Montauches*, often keep his Bed; not that he was Sick, but because at *Madrid* he had Gam'd and lost all he had. God preserve you, and give me Grace to serve him.

*Burgos, Sept. 15.*  
1523.

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## LETTER XIII.

*To Don Alonso Manriquez, Archbishop of Seville, and Don Antonio Manriquez, Duke of Najara; upon their choosing him to Decide a Controversie between them: Wherein he wittily exposes their Ignorance, declares which was Numantia, and which Saguntum; and moreover relates both the Origin, and Destruction of the Former.*

Very Illustrious Lords,

**D**ON *John Manriquez* delivered me two, different Letters from your Lordships, whereby you give me to understand you have chosen me Judge in a Controversie between you; and which you have not only argu'd your selves, but also stily maintain'd on both sides. My Lords, I admit your choice, and will be Arbitrator in your Dispute, upon condition neither appeal from my Judgment, but shall pay Costs and a Fine. In the first place I must blame, and almost chide your Illustrious Lordships for being so positive and obstinate in your way of arguing; for where Persons of your Rank may be allow'd to Discourse, they are by no means to Wrangle. Gentility and Wrangling are incompatible in a generous Person, when Folly and Positiveness are nearly allied. To a Philosopher it belongs to prove, and even to be obstinate in his Af-

sertions ; but a Gentleman must always defend without being positive A Man of Courage, Resolution, and Valour, will never be passionate till he draws his Sword ; for he well knows, that a great Talker seldom proves a brave Performer. But to come to our purpose ; you write, that all your Dispute was about deciding, whether of these two Cities, *Siguenza* or *Monviedro*, was the great *Numantia*. You also inform me, you have not only argued, but laid a good Wager about it ; whereupon, My Lords, I must tell you, with due Reverence to so great Personages, that if one understands no better what belongs to Praying, and the other to Fighting, than you are both acquainted with ancient Histories, it is pity as one is Archbishop of *Sevill*, the other should be Duke of *Najara*. As much difference as was between *Elia* and *Tyre*, *Bizantium* and *Memphis*, *Rome* and *Carthage*, *Agripina* and *Cadiz*, is there between *Numantia* and *Saguntum* ; for the ancient *Numantia* was built in *Castile*, when the noble *Saguntum* was seated near *Valencia*. *Numantia* and *Saguntum* were two most ancient Cities in *Spain*, very famous and renowned ; of different Factions, distinct Kingdoms, in Places far distant, disagreeing in Names, and far more different in Inclinations. *Saguntum* was built by the *Greeks*, *Numantia* by the *Romans* ; *Saguntum* was always in Amity and Confederacy with *Rome*, and moreover a Mortal Enemy to the *Carthaginians* ; when *Numantia* was neither Friend nor Confederate with either, it never submitting to any,  
but

but always continu'd a Sovereignty of it self. *Saguntum* was seated four Leagues from *Valencia*, where *Monviedro* now stands; and whoever says the Town of *Siguenza* in *Castile* was formerly *Saguntum*, may, perhaps, have Dream't, but never Read it. Being Inquisitor at *Valencia*, I went often to *Monviedro*, as well to visit the Christians there, as Baptize the *Moors*; and considering the uncouthness of its situation, antiquity of the Walls, distance from the Sea, the grandeur of its Buildings, and strangeness of the Tombs, any Man might easily perceive *Monviedro* was the same with *Saguntum*, and the Noble *Saguntum* what is now *Monviedro*. Among the ruined Buildings in the Fields of that City, are found many Stones with Inscriptions and Epitaphs of the *Hannonians* and *Asdrubalians*, who all died at the Siege thereof, and which were two famous and renowned Families in *Carthage*. Near *Monviedro* also was a Town in those days call'd *Turdetani*, now *Torrestorres*, whose Inhabitants being Mortal Enemies to the *Saguntians*, *Hannibal* join'd with 'em, and by their assistance besieg'd, reduc'd, and burnt *Saguntum* to Ashes; which was neither then offer'd to be reliev'd by the *Romans*, nor ever after rebuilt. Thus it is plain, My Lords, your Dispute was about which was *Saguntum*, and not which *Numantia*; for *Soria* and *Zamora* contest for *Numantia*, whilst *Monviedro* and *Siguenza* lay claim to *Saguntum*. To conclude then, and draw an inference from what has been said, after

considering the Merits of your Cause, and hearing what each has alledged for himself; I pronounce and declare, for my definitive Sentence, that as the Archbishop of *Sevill* was not in the right, so the Duke of *Najara* was in the wrong: and therefore adjudge each of them to forfeit a good strong Mule for the use of him who shall make appear which was the great *Numantia*, who the Founder, in what place, and after what manner built, how long it stood, and how came to be destroyed; And all this because it is an Antiquity pleasing to read, worthy to be known, grateful to relate, tho exceeding grievous to hear.

*Of the Great City, Numantia, in Spain.*

The Great *Numantia* was founded by *Numa Pompilius*, second King of the Romans, in the Eight and fiftieth year after the building of *Rome*, and Eighteenth of his Reign; so that from *Numa*, the Founder, it undoubtedly took its Nomination. It was an usual thing in those times for Founders to give their own Names to the Cities they built; so *Hierusalem* took hers from *Salem*, *Antiochia* from *Antiochus*, *Constantinople* from *Constantine*, *Alexandria* from *Alexander*, *Rome* from *Romulus*, and *Numantia* from *Numa*. *Rome* had but Seven Kings, whereof the first was *Romulus*, and last *Tarquin*; but the best of all the Seven was this *Numa Pompilius*, he being the first that introduced Religion into *Rome*, enclosed the *Vestals*, built Temples, and gave Laws  
to



to his Subjects. The Seat of this City was near the Banks of the River *Duero*, and not far from the Springs thereof, on an Eminence, not mountainous, but little rais'd: It had no Towers nor Walls, but only a very deep and broad Ditch to surround it: The Inhabitants whereof being about 5 and 6000, two parts of which were employ'd in War, and the third Till'd the Ground: To be always in action was accounted with them very commendable, and idleness and laziness as much condemn'd; and, what is yet more Praiseworthy, they were not covetous of Riches, but extremely ambitious of Honour. The *Numantians* naturally were rather Flegmatick than Cholerick, Patient, Subtle, Crafty, and given to Dissimulation; so that what at one time they connived at, the same they reveng'd at another. In this City there was but one Tradesman, and he was the Farrier; for Goldsmiths, Drapers, Brokers, Fruiterers, Inn-keepers, Fishmongers, Bakers, Butchers, and the like, were not permitted to live among them, saying, every one ought to furnish himself with those Necessaries, and not be beholding to another. They were so resolute and desperate in Battle, they never turned their Backs, or ever gave ground, being always resolv'd rather to dye than fly: They were not permitted to go to War without leave of their Government, and such as went must serve all together on one side; for where one *Numantian* happen'd to kill another, he was infallibly put to death when he came home.

home. The *Romans* accounted four sorts of People in *Spain* hard to subdue, viz. The *Meridones* of *Merida*, the *Gaditani* of *Cadiz*, the *Saguntini* of *Monviedro*, and *Numantians*, being those of *Soria*. The difference between which was, that the *Meridones* were hardy, *Gaditani* resolute, *Saguntini* fortunate, but the *Numantians* both hardy, resolute, and fortunate all together. None of the *Roman* Generals who waged War in *Spain* for a Hundred and eighty years, could ever subdue the *Numantians*, or so much as cared to fall out with them. Of all the Cities in the World, this only never acknowledged Superior, nor admitted Lord. *Numantia* stood somewhat high, and was but half fortified, had no Towers, was not very populous, and had no riches, yet none durst make her their Enemy; but all rather chose her for their Friend: and the reason was, because the Fortune of the *Numantians* was still superior to the Power or Policy of the *Romans*. During the Wars between *Rome* and *Carthage*, and the Factions of *Rome* among themselves, there was no King or Kingdom but engaged on one side or other, except the haughty *Numantia* only; which always answer'd those that solicited her Assistance, That she was not to be made a Party under any Head, but rather they to follow her as Supream. In the first *Punick* Wars the *Numantians* could never be brought to follow the *Carthaginians*, or assist the *Romans*; for which reason, or rather without any, the *Romans* resolv'd to make War upon *Numantia*,  
and

and that not through any fear of their Power, but meer envy of their Fortune. The *Romans* besieged *Numantia* the space of Fourteen years without intermission, during which the *Numantians* sustain'd great damage, and the *Romans* lost several brave Commanders; such as *Caius Crispus*, *Trebellius*, *Pindarus*, *Rufus*, *Venustus*, *Escaurus*, *Paulus Pilius*, *Cincinnatus* and *Drusus*, Nine Consuls of very great Note, as also Experienc'd Generals. These Nine, and many other *Romans* being slain, it happen'd the Twelfth year after this Siege, that *Anneus Fabricius*, a *Roman* General, concluded a League and Amity with 'em; and agreed upon a Truce till the Articles could be Ratified from *Rome*: But the Senate perceiving this Capitulation tended altogether to the Honour of their Enemies, and was a perpetual disgrace to them, caused the Prudent Consul to be immediately put to Death, and the War as instantly continued. The next year, which was the Thirteenth of the Siege, they sent *Scipio* their Consul, with a fresh Army against *Numantia*. The first thing he did was to banish the Camp all useless Men, and debauch'd Women; saying, That Pleasures allow'd, are more dangerous to a great Army, than known Enemies. *Scipio* besieg'd this City a year and seven months; in all which time he never gave any assault, or made the least attack, but only busied himself to cut off their Relief and Provisions. One of *Scipio's* Officers one day asking him, Why he never attack'd them within the Town, nor fell upon those that came out, he

he answered, *Numantia is so fortunate, and the Numantians so very successful, that we may well hope to tire out, but must never expect to conquer their Fortune.* The *Numantians* made frequent Sallies on the new-come *Romans*, and one day, of all the rest, the Fight continued so long and bloody, it might well have been term'd a pitch'd Battle; and the *Romans* were so hard put to it, that had not the Fortune and Conduct of *Scipio* been on their side, that day the Glory and Power of *Rome* had undoubtedly ended in *Spain*. *Scipio* therefore perceiving the *Numantians* grew bold, and the *Romans* slackned, drew back about a mile and half from the Town, to the end that he might not be so subject to surprize; so that the distance being greater, he might thereby receive the less damage. The *Numantians* thus having lost many of their Men, and Provisions growing short, at length unanimously made a Vow to their Gods, never to break Fast unless on *Roman* Flesh; nor drink Wine or Water, till they had tasted of their Blood. It was monstrous then to see, as it is still to hear, how they every day sallied to hunt *Romans*, as if they had been going to shoot Rabbits; and how they did afterwards as favourily eat and drink their Flesh and Blood, as if it had been Beef or Mutton. Then it was the Consul *Scipio* daily sustained very great Losses, for besides that the *Numantians* prey'd on the *Romans* like Wild Beasts, they likewise fought no longer like Enemies, but as Men in despair. No *Numantian* ever gave *Roman* Quarter,  
nor

nor so much as suffer'd 'em to be Buried, but as soon as any were kill'd, they immediately carried 'em where they were flea'd, quarter'd, and weighed out in the Market; so that with them, a *Dead Roman* was then more worth than a Live one. *Scipio* was often perswaded, intreated and importuned by his Officers, to raise the Siege and return home; but he was always so far from consenting, that he would not so much as endure to hear it propos'd: And this, because, as he came from *Rome*, a Priest had bid him not be discouraged or desist, tho' he should run great hazards; for that the Gods had decreed, *the end of the fortunate Numantia should be the beginning of his Glory.*

*How Scipio took Numantia.*

*Scipio* perceiving he could neither gain the *Numantians* by fair means, nor subdue 'em by force, caused a vast Trench to be made round the Town, which was seven Fathom deep, and five in breadth; so that no Relief could possibly come to 'em, neither could they make any Sallies. He often courted 'em to try the Clemency of the *Romans*, and rely upon his Word; But they always answered, *That having lived free Three Hundred Thirty three Years, they were resolv'd not to die Slaves.* The Clamours of the Women in the City were sent up to Heaven, the Priests called upon their Gods, and all the Men cried out to the Consul *Scipio*, to suffer them to come out and fight like Men, and not to be shut up and starved



starved like Beasts. Also the more to move him, they said, *Is it becoming you, O Noble Scipio, who are a Roman Youth, Brave and Resolute, to keep us here pen'd up like Sheep, which is only a Stratagem of Policy; when it would rather redound to your immortal Glory, if you let us come out, and overcome us in Fight?* When the Numantians saw themselves thus miserably inclosed, and their Provisions daily consuming, The ablest among 'em met and Killed all the old Men, Women and Children; then gather'd the Wealth of the Town and 'Temples into one great heap in the Market-place, and having themselves first taken Poison, immediately fired every corner of the City; so that the Riches, Houses, Temples, and Inhabitants, of Numantia perished altogether in one Day. Prodigious were the Actions of the Numantians in their Lives, and no less wonderful at their Deaths; for they left not Scipio any Riches to Plunder, nor so much as a Man or Woman to Triumph over. During all the time this Famous City was Besieged, no Numantian was ever made Prisoner by the Romans, for they all chose rather to die than take quarter. Now when Scipio saw the City on Fire, and entering it, found all the Inhabitants Dead and Burnt, he was very sensibly griev'd, and the Tears falling fast from his Eyes, he said, *O happy Numantia, which the Gods have indeed suffer'd to Perish, but never to be overcome!* The Prosperity of Numantia lasted 466 Years, for that was the interval between the building of it by Numa Pompilius, and its destruction by the



the great *Scipio Africanus*. In these Ages there were Three Cities that gave most trouble to the *Romans*; *Elia* in *Asia*; *Cartbage* in *Africk*; and *Numantia* in *Europe*: All which were at length totally subverted, but never Conquer'd by them. Prince *Iugurtha* being then but Twenty two Years of Age, came out of *Africk* to the assistance of *Scipio*, and behaved himself with so great Bravery, that he was extremely valued by the Consul, and afterwards highly honour'd at *Rome*. All who have writ of this Siege, say, the *Romans* never sustained greater losses, had so many Men destroyed, spent so much Money, nor suffer'd so great disgrace as there; and the reason they gave was, because their other Wars were always grounded upon some wrong received; when this against *Numantia*, was meerly raised through envy. To say the City *Zamora* was ever *Numantia* is both false and ridiculous, for unless all Histories deceive us from the building of *Numantia*, till *Zamora* was founded, there were 733 Years. Did *Pliny*, *Pomponius*, *Ptolemy* and *Strabo* say, that *Numantia* was near the River *Duero*; it would be dubious whether *Soria* or *Zamora* were it: But on the contrary these Authors affirm, it was built near the Springs of *Duero*; whence may be concluded, that *Zamora* being Thirty Leagues from these Springs, and *Soria* but Five, it must be *Soria* and not *Zamora*. Yet there are three different opinions concerning its Scituation; some saying it stood where *Soria* does now; others, that it was on the other side of the River on a Hill;

Hill; and others, that it was a League from thence, where is now a Town called *Garra*. And in my Judgment, by what I have seen of the three places, this last is the most probable Assertion, many pieces of Antiquity being there found, and many Ruins of Stately buildings there to be seen. Those who have writ concerning *Numantia*, are, *Pliny*, *Strabo*, *Ptolemy*, *Trogus Pompeius*, *Pollio*, *Trebellius*, *Vulpitius*, *Isidorus*, *Justin*, and *Marcus Ancius*.

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## L E T T E R   XIV.

*To Don Alonso de Albornoz; shewing it  
sign of ill breeding not to answer a Letter;  
Also laying down the dangers of Matrimo-  
ny; and likewise, containing some pleasant  
News from Court: The whole embellish'd  
with biting Railleries, and serious Refle-  
ctions.*

S I R,

**I**F the Lady *Donna Maria*, to whom you  
are contracted, admires your Person as  
much as I blame your laziness, you may safe-  
ly Marry without danger of repenting; and  
yet I think I am not a little bold, when I say,  
you will not repent Marrying, for in Truth,  
I could wish I were as sincerely sorrowful for  
my Sins, as some are penitent after  
entring into that State. To Marry a Wo-  
man is very easie, but to hold out to the last,  
in my opinion, very difficult, and from thence  
it comes, that those who Marry for Love, com-  
monly live in Sorrow: For considering the  
frequent distasts that happen in a Family; the  
burden of the Wife, care of Children, wants  
of the House, charge of Servants, importu-  
nities of Relations, and adoration which Fa-  
thers-in-Law commonly expect; if all these  
H things

things will not oblige a Married Man to repent, at least, I'm sure they must needs tire him. The Philosopher *Mirtus* being asked *Why he did not Marry?* Answered, *Because, when I take a Wife, if she be good, I shall not care to lose her; if bad, must endure her; if poor, maintain her; if rich, bear with her; if ugly, shall hate her; and if beautiful, must watch her: But what is yet worst of all, I must then resign my liberty to one that will never thank me for it.* Riches produce Care, Poverty Afflictions, the Sea Dangers, Eating too much Surfeits, and Travels Weariness. But nevertheless, these Troubles are divided among many, when Married people have them altogether; for the Married Man is commonly full of Care, Sad, Weary, Surfeited, nay, and Frighted to Boot; I say, Frighted at the imagination of what may befall him, or his Wife attempt. He who meets with a Wife that is Foolish, Wild, Talkative, Loose, Lickerish, Mutinous, Lazy, given to Ramble, Incorrigible, Jealous, Imperious or Lewd; that Wretch had much better been a Slave to a good Man, than Husband to such a Woman. It is hard, 'tis true, to humour some Men, but much more difficult to know any Woman; The reason is, because they have neither measure in their Love, nor bounds in their Hate. I will not, perhaps I dare not, say more as to this particular; for should I set about it and let my Pen run at liberty, I might want time, but never matter to write upon. It is not without cause I have said I was offended at your laziness; for it is now about

bout half a year since I writ to you, and yet you never answer'd me one line, and *John de Ocana* came afterwards, and then you did not write; so that on the one hand you may well be term'd Lazy, and on the other negligent. Take it for a Rule, never to neglect answering him that took the pains to write to you; for to answer our Superiors is an act of necessity, our equals, demonstration of good will; but to write to our Inferiours is no ordinary Virtue. *Alexander* the Great was wont to write to *Pulio* his Farrier; *Julius Caesar* to *Rufus* his Gardner; *Augustus* to *Pamplilus* his Smith; *Tiberius* to *Scaurus* his Miller; *Tullius* to *Myrrhus* his Taylor; and *Seneca* to *Gyphus* his Bailly; whence we may infer, it is no disgrace either to write to, or answer mean Persons. *Paulus Emilius* writing to his Plowman, uses these Words, *I received your Message by Argeus, and my answer is, that I send you an Ox to Yoak with the other, and the Cart new mended; therefore Plow the Land well, Prune the Vine handsomly, clear the Trees from Caterpillars, and always remember the Goddess Ceres.* *Curius Dentatus* being in the Army against *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, writ to a Carpenter after this manner; *Cneius Patroclus* told me you were at work on my House; take care the Timber be well seasoned, make the lights towards the South, let not the Roof be high, but Rooms light, the Bath close, and Chimney not smoaky; make two Windows, and but one Door. *Alexander* the Great writing to his Farrier, said, *I sent you a Horse that was presented me by the Athenians; be*

*and I were Wounded in the same Fight; walk him well every day, dress his Wound carefully, pare his Feet sparingly, and have a care of nailing him; slit his Nostrils, wash his Tail, and let him not grow overfat; for no Horse that is foul can endure me in the Field.* We read of the famous Tyrant *Phalaris*, that never Man did him service which he did not requite, nor sent him Letter which he did not answer. Historians do not relate as a Reflection upon 'em, that these great and Renowned Princes writ to such mean and inconsiderate Persons, but rather as a thing commendable and meriting praise. In this and all other cases, you may make bold with me as with your own self; but, if you persevere in the same practice towards others, perhaps, as Friends will only blame your neglect, strangers may accuse you of Arrogance. *Cæsar* wanted no Valour, since he overcame so many Nations; no Clemency, since he forgave so many Enemies; no Generosity, since he gave whole Kingdoms; no Learning, since he writ so many Books; nor did he want fortune, since he became Lord of all: But still he had need of good manners, which is the surest foundation of a quiet life. For it being a custom among the *Romans*, when the Senators came into their Emperor's presence, that they should make profound Reverence, and he to return the like civility; *Cæsar* either wilfully or carelessly omitting so to do, within few days was stabb'd in three and Twenty places; so that great Man lost his Life only for want of a little breeding.

*Sue-*



*Suetonius* relates the contrary of *Augustus*, who, when he was either in the Senate or Amphitheater, never sat down till they were all seated, and still shew'd them the same respect they did him; and whenever his Sons came among them, he neither suffer'd them to sit down nor the Senators to rise up. Sir, if for the future you will avoid being esteem'd arrogant, or rather mad, behave your self civilly; for, good manners more than any thing else, win the hearts of Enemies, and preserve the good will of Friends. I have spoke to the Pope's Nuncio about the dispensation you writ for, in order to Marry *Donna Maria*, which is agreed upon for 60 Ducats; but he being a *Venetian* and no Fool, expects to be paid before your business shall be dispatch'd. I spoke also to *Perianez*, concerning expediting the immunity of your Estate; but he being extreamly Deaf I was forc'd to raise my voice higher than I use do when I Preach. The present News at Court is, that the Empress desires the Emperor to return speedily; The Ladies would fain all be Married; Men that have business would have it quickly dispatch'd; The Duke of *Vejar* has a great mind to Live; *Antonio de Fonseca* would needs grow young again; Don *Roderigo de Borja* would willingly inherit; and Fryer *Dionysius* as hastily be a Bishop; when, for my own part, I have all the qualifications of a Litigious Miscreant; for I am busie, full of care, thoughtful Monyless, Suspicious, Importunate, Uneasie, and quite tired out; My Lord Arch-Bishop of

*Toledo* and I having been a good while in Law about the Abby of *Baza*, in which Affair, judgment has already been once given for me. No more, but God keep you, and give me grace to serve Him.

*Medina del Campo, March 12*  
1523.

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LET.

## LETTER XV.

*To Don Diego de Camina ; How all Men  
are subject to Envy.*

Magnificent and Right Christian SIR,

YOU write, you are much concern'd, for that many Malicious Persons have censur'd your Works, and lessen'd your Actions; and herein, I confess, you have cause of surprise, tho, in my Judgment, no reason to be dissatisfy'd, since it is much the lesser evil your Neighbours should Envy, than Friends Pity you. The ancientest Vice in the World is Envy, the most common Envy, and it is Envy will never cease reigning while the World endures. *Adam* and the Serpent, *Abel* and *Cain*, *Jacob* and *Esau*, *Joseph* and his Brethren, *David* and *Saul*, *Job* and *Satan*, *Achitophel* and *Hushai*, and lastly, *Haman* and *Mordecai*, did not prosecute each another on account of Riches, but merely out of Envy. The Hatred grounded on Envy is much greater than that which proceeds from some wrong done; for an injur'd Person is often diverted, where the Envious never leave persecuting. The Wars between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians* were much more bloody, and lasted longer than those of the *Greeks* and *Trojans*; and this, because the latter only fought to revenge the Rape of *Hellen*, when

the former strove for the Empire of *Europe*. The irreconcilable Enmity between *Cæsar* and *Pompey* proceeded not from Injuries, but was wholly occasion'd by *Pompey's* envying *Cæsar's* Fortune in War; and *Cæsar*, on the other side, *Pompey's* great Conduct in Matters of Government. Two sorts of Men were equally Renown'd and Honour'd among the *Romans*, who were the Dictators that govern'd with Prudence, to whom they rais'd Statues; and the Consuls, who were successful in War: and to these they granted Triumphs; for while *Rome* was in it's glory, no Merit pass'd unrewarded, nor Guilt unpunish'd. There are but few Men subject to all sorts of Vices, and yet fewer free from all; so if any be good he is envy'd, and if bad he is envious; for of necessity in this World we must either persecute, or be persecuted. We can secure our selves against a Lyar by not conversing with him, a Proud Man by avoiding him, a Sluggard by not adhering to him, a Luxurious Person by not keeping him Company, a Glutton by not eating with him, a Quarrelsome Man by not contending with him, and against a Covetous Person by not dealing with him; but there's no way to fly an envious Person, nor possibility of prevailing against him: Envy is of that subtle nature, there is neither difficulty but it will surmount, nor Fence but it will break down; no Policy but it will subvert, nor Power but it will oppose; nor, in a word, is there any Man but it will assault. If in one Person could be met  
the

the Beauty of *Absalon*, Strength of *Sampson*, Wisdom of *Solomon*, Swiftneſs of *Azael*, Riches of *Cræſus*, Liberality of *Alexander*, Valour of *Hector*, Fortune of *Cæſar*, Manners of *Auguſtus*, Juſtice of *Trajan*, and Eloquence of *Cicero*, it is moſt certain he could never be ſo highly accompliſh'd, as he would be cruelly perſecuted by Envy. Wolves follow Sheep, Crows dead Bodies, Bees Flowers, Flies Honey, Men Riches, and the Envious Perſon Proſperity. We naturally pity the Unfortunate, ſo we likewiſe envy the Proſperous: No body ever envied, but rather pitied *Socrate's* his being Poiſon'd, *Eſchines* Banish'd, *Cræſus* Hang'd, *Darius* Ruin'd, *Pyrrhus* being Unfortunate, *Cataline* Infamous, and *Sophoniſba* Unhappy. One thing whereby I diſcover how far the Malice of Men extends is, that where no body offers to ſupport or liſt up the Wretched, every one lays a Snare to make the Rich and Mighty fall. The Great and Fortunate may aſſure themſelves, their Grandeur and Proſperity will never come up to the Envy of their Neighbours. Sir, I have put you in mind of theſe things, that you may not think much to pay your Quota, ſince you are admitted into this Fraternity of Envy. You muſt underſtand, if as yet you are ignorant, that the chief buſineſs of this Brotherhood is to bury the Living, and rake up the Dead. This Corporation is noble and great, ſince Heathens and Chriſtians, abſent and preſent, rich and poor, both the dead and living have been enroll'd of it. This  
Fra-

Fraternity enjoys many great Priviledges and Immunities, which are, That they meet not in Churches, but their own Houses; do not speak ill of the Poor, but Rich; do not assist, but hinder; do not give, but take; do not Pray, but Rail; do not watch their Enemies but Friends; and in fine, who have liberty continually to defame, but never to deal fairly. Though this be a troublesom Brotherhood, yet it is a sign of very ill Fortune not to be admitted of it; for it is a plain case, A Man must be very unhappy whom no body ever car'd to Envy. *Plutarch*, in his *Apophthegms*, speaking of the Famous Grecian General *Themistocles*, says, that being once ask'd, *Why he was so Melancholy?* He answer'd, *I am Melancholy, because, being Two and twenty years of Age, I cannot think I have yet done any thing deserving Memory; since I find no Man in Athens envies me.* Ancient Authors relate, the first Tyrant of Sicily was *Herion*, the second *Celon*, the third *Dionysius Siracusanus*, the fourth *Dionysius* the younger, the fifth *Taxillus*, the sixth *Brudanus*, and seventh *Hermocrates*, of which Seven the *Sicilians*, do, to this day, as heavily complain, as the *Grecians* formerly boasted of their Seven Wise Men. Nevertheless, the last of which Tyrants, *Hermocrates*, lying on his Death-bed, is recorded to have thus said to his Son; *My last Words to you, Son, are, That you never be envious, but rather endeavour to perform Actions worthy to be envied.* These Words did not at all favour of a Tyrant, but on the contrary expressed great Prudence; for there-  
by



by he not only charged him to be Virtuous, but also forbad him being Malicious. I told you at the beginning of this Letter, that allowing you had Provocation, yet you had not sufficient Reason to be afflicted or discourag'd; for it is a much lesser evil to suffer good actions to be censur'd, than to forbear doing well. There is little of moment to write from hence; but only to let you know, as you have Slanderers with you, so here also are plenty of ill Tongues, insomuch, that some are so very virulent, they neither spare God, nor their King. I have twice spoke to the Cardinal of *Tortosa* about your Business, and if I be not mistaken, he is to the full as forgetful, as I have been all along careful. We that live at Court, content our selves with doing what is in our power, where we cannot obtain what is in our will. God keep you, and give me Grace to serve him.

*Valladolid, Oct. 26.*

1520.

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LET.

## LETTER XVI.

To Don John de Moncada ; Describing  
Anger, and Extolling Patience.

Much Esteem'd and Magnificent S I R,

**I**F you think I answer your Letters late, lay the blame on *Palomeque*, your Servant, who is lame ; the Horse you gave him limps, the way is long, the Weather bad, and I am very busie, though I get little by it. But, however, if he spends much time in coming and returning, the chief reason, as I suppose, is, that he is in Love ; and if so, you might well imagine, how much more intent he would be in gratifying the Affections of his Heart, than expediting the Letters in his Pocket. If you will believe me, never trust Men in love, for they do not so much care to employ themselves in carrying, as writing Letters, watching their Mistresses, serenading, climbing Walls, and gazing at Windows. I shall be oblig'd to answer yours more briefly, I fancy, than you expect, and yet at the same time, more largely than I can conveniently afford ; being at present engag'd to give my Vote at the Inquisition, Preach at Court, and Write every day the Emperor's Chronicle ; so that where I abound in Business, I am very much abridg'd of leisure. I swear, I much rather envy the time  
many

many idle Courtiers mispend, than the Riches they enjoy. But to come to the purpose, I protest on the Word of a Friend, I have been as much concern'd at your Misfortunes, as if they had been my own; for as *Chilo* the Philosopher was wont to say, we are not only to remedy our Friends Disasters, but also to bewail 'em. *Agesilaus*, the *Grecian*, being ask'd, why he lamented more the loss of his Friends than death of his Children, said, *I do not deplore the want of a Wife, loss of Goods, and death of Children, because they are only parts of me; but grieve the death of a Friend, as he is my other self.* This, I say, Sir, because since I cannot be present to condole you, nor have power here to relieve you, I am at least resolv'd to write something to comfort you; for sometimes the Pen of a Friend is no less lenitive, than the Sword of an Enemy offensive. To advise you not to resent what you have so great cause to be concern'd at, would give occasion for me to be thought unmannerly, as for you to be accounted Mad: Therefore my Counsel in this case is, that you resent as a Man, and bear like a Christian. The best remedy were to let fall wrongs of Honour, where they are done by those on whom we ought not to be reveng'd. If under these Misfortunes, you will rather act like a Christian, than Gentleman, you will not so much regard who offends you, as lift up your Heart to God that suffers it, and before whom you will find your self so very criminal, that all you can endure is nothing in respect of what  
you

you have deserv'd. You must also consider, the Afflictions God permits to fall upon us, are not designed to destroy, but only try us; for none are enroll'd in his Book, but such as are fit for Sufferings; when on the contrary, none are entred on the Worldly Records, but those that are addicted to Pleasure. You desire me to describe and give a definition of Anger, to try whether by those means you can Master the indignation you have conceiv'd. It is very requisite to know what this Passion is, and to endeavour to curb it accordingly; for in truth, oftentimes, it is much safer to put up a wrong, than revenge it. *Aristides* says, *Anger is nothing but heat of Blood, and a commotion of the Heart.* *Possidonius*, that it is only a short fit of Madness. *Cicero*, that what the Romans call Anger, the Grecians term'd desire of Revenge. *Eschines*, that Anger is rais'd by steem of the Gall, and heat of the Heart. *Macrobius*, that there is a great deal of difference between Anger and Passion; for that Anger proceeds from Provocation, and Passion from ill Nature. *Plato*, that the fault did not lie so much in Anger, as the cause of it. *Laertius*, that when the Punishment is greater than the Crime, it is Revenge, and not Zeal of Justice; but on the contrary, the Crime exceeding the Punishment, it is no more Revenge, but Justice. *Plutarch* says, the Priviledges of Anger are not to believe Friends, to be violent in Action, have the Cheeks red, make use of the Hands, let loose the Tongue, speak Maliciously, fly out upon slight Occasions; and lastly, to hear

*no Reason.* Solon Salaminus being ask'd, *Who might properly be said to be in Wrath?* answer'd, *Only he who valued not losing his Friends, nor creating new Enemies.* After what so many and grave Philosophers have left upon this Subject, I can only add, That it is easie to write of, no way difficult to persuade, copious to preach upon, fit to advise upon, but extreemly hard to curb. We may reasonably exclaim against Vice in general, but much more may be said upon Anger; for that does not only deprive us of our Reason, but also renders us odious to all the World: To moderate Anger is a great Virtue, but to lay it quite aside is much more safe; because it is easier to resist what is evil, than totally to cast it off. At first we have power to admit, or reject many hurtful things; but having once admitted 'em, if Reason stands not our Friend, they will undoubtedly keep their ground, and plead possession. Anger is of that perverse temper, that wherever we have once resign'd our will, it afterwards enforces us to what we would not. We blame not those who have the administration of Government so much for being slack or severe, as shewing too much Passion in their Proceedings; for tho they have Authority to Punish, yet they have no Liberty to express their Anger. It is but reasonable those who transgress should be chastis'd, but still the Penalty must not look like revenge; for be a Man never so brutish, he is ever more sensible of Malice shew'd him, than of the greatest Punishment can be inflicted on him.

him. A Lash, or Blow of a Hand or Cudgel, which all light upon the Flesh, tho they smart, yet soon wear off; but an abusive Word immediately sinks into the Heart, and is scarce ever forgot. To have a power of bridling ones Anger, is not a Human, but Heroic and Divine Virtue; for certainly no Victory is so great as that which a Man obtains over himself. *Socrates*, the Philosopher, having lifted up his Hand to strike a Servant, held it in that posture, and cry'd, *Because I consider I am a Philosopher, and am now angry, I do not punish thee as thou deservest.* An Example worthy to be remembred, and much more to be imitated; and from whence we may infer, that whilst Anger is predominant, we must not offer to speak, much less chastise. The Law-giver, *Licurgus*, order'd those who had the Government of the Commonwealth, to condemn and punish all they found evil and pernicious: Nevertheless, they were by no means to hate Offenders, affirming, there was no Plague so destructive, as a Judge, whose Reason was drown'd in Passion. Very few follow this Advice, at present, and many practise the contrary; for now a-days nobody is angry with Sin, but the Sinners. It must needs be a great trouble to any who have to do with furious and impatient Men; for they are both insupportable to those that serve, and dangerous to such as are their Familiars. Now I have told you what Anger is, and the ill Consequences thereof; let us see what Remedies may be prescrib'd against it; for my  
design



design here is not to teach you how to be angry, but rather how to be appeas'd. I am of Opinion, one great Remedy against Anger were to bridle the Tongue when in a Passion, and put off Revenge till another time; for an angry Person oftentimes does, says, and threatens, what he afterwards could wish, with all his Heart, he had never thought on. We ought not immediately to importune a Man, in Passion, to forgive an Injury, but first pray him to respite his Revenge; for as long as the heat lasts, we can never expect he will Pronounce a Pardon. It is either thro' want of Sense, or over-diligence, we endeavour to reduce a Man in Fury to Equity and Justice; for Passion, when high, and a Heart when enrag'd, will neither receive Comfort, nor give ear to Reason. I do again and again, charge and advise every Man of Sence, not to be too busie with Persons in Wrath; for if they do, the best they must expect to come off with, will be either some reproachful Language, or a broken Head. Tho a Man be Friend to him that is Angry, yet it is better to let him alone, than speak or offer to assist him, for at that time he has more need of a Bridle to hold him in, than Spur to set him forward: More Art than Force is requir'd to deal with one in Passion, for tho his Anger swell'd all of a sudden, he must nevertheless be appeas'd by degrees. *Plutarch* in his Commonwealth, advises the Emperor *Trajan*, to be patient in Sufferings, easie in Business, and calm towards Furious Men;

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assuring him, Time settles many things, which Prudence cannot. We have seen great Animosities between Mighty Men, which could not be reconcil'd or appeas'd by interposition of Friends, threats of Enemies, presents of Money, or multiplicity of Sufferings; and yet in process of time, when each had thought better on it, they have been made up alone among themselves: In fine, I say, that where a Man sees his Friend in Fury, he must rather throw Water to quench, than Fuel to heighten his Passion. Sir, I have stretch'd out this Letter much longer than either I design'd or desir'd; but your great Sorrow and Afflictions, I must confess, made me the more free of my Pen. Endure, say nothing, take no notice, let a little time pass, and the business be somewhat forgot, and I am much mistaken if you will not see that same Fire rage in their Bowels, which they cast into your House. *Solomon the Wise says, A Prudent Man has his Tongue in his Heart, when an Angry Person has his Heart in his Tongue. Agis the Grecian was wont to say, A Mad Man was troubled for what he suffer'd, and valu'd himself upon what he said; but the Wise Man was sorry for what he said, and proud of what he suffer'd.* Now or never make use of your Learning, Prudence and Judgment; for, I'll Assure, it is no small Weakness to know how to cure others, and yet neglect to apply a Remedy to ones self. I have not forgot when my Sister *Donna Francisca* died at *Torre Mexia*, you sent me such wholesome Advice as suffic'd to ease my Grief, tho not wholly to eradicate the Memory of my

my Loss; I must now therefore put you in mind hereof, since it is but reasonable you should reap some of the Fruit you had so plentifully sowed in my Ground. I have no more, at present, as to any other particular, but that I give the same power to your Servant to Answer, as you gave him to Inform me. God Bless you, and give me Grace to serve Him.

Toledo, Apr. 6.  
1526.

## L E T T E R    X V I I .

*To the Ambassador Don Geronimo Vique;  
shewing the ill Effects of over-much Li-  
berty.*

Very Magnificent Lord and Imperial Ambassador,

**I** Received yours here in *Granada* this 20th of *July*, and must needs say, it made good haste to arrive so soon from *Valencia*, being sent but on *Saturday*, and reaching hither *Monday* night. Since you come from so remote a Place as *Rome*, and have passed the dangerous Gulph of *Narbonne*, I will not ask, whether you arrive in health, but rather bless God you are come home alive; nevertheless, could wish you return'd as healthy in Body, and clear in Soul, as you went out from hence; new Countreys commonly producing new Manners. *Licurgus* commanded the *Lacedonians*, they should neither go abroad to Trade, nor suffer Strangers to come among them; saying, that *as Kingdoms grew rich by Foreign Dealings, so they always grew poor in Virtue*. To tell you truth, My Lord, I have seen few come from *Italy*, but were become haughty and lewd, and the cause was, not that the Country wants hallowing by Saints, but by reason it is now Peopled with Sinners. It is the quality of Bells to call People to Mass, and yet never be in the Church themselves; such,

such, in my Opinion, is the nature of *Italy*, where there are many Holy Places to stir up Devotion, yet the Natives have no Piety at all. Many say, the happiness of *Italy* consists in being free, but on the contrary, I affirm, the ruin of it proceeds from its being subject to no Body; for the freedom of doing what they will, oftentimes brings Men to do what they ought not. If *Trogus Pompeius* does not deceive us, when the *Romans* would have made the *Bactrians* free, for aiding their Consul *Rufus* in the War against the *Parthians*, they would not accept their proffer'd Liberty, saying, *However they became free, they might nevertheless afterwards commit something to be made Slaves.* To speak truth, there is no Commonwealth so deprav'd, as where the People are most free, for it is the nature of Liberty to be coveted by many, but well us'd by few. Where there is no submission, there is no King; where no King, no Law; where no Law, no Justice; where no Justice, no Peace; where no Peace, there is continual Discord; and where there is continual Discord, the Commonwealth cannot long subsist: Neither the *Greeks*, nor *Carthaginians*, *Gauls*, nor *Huns*, *Epirots*, nor *Sabines*, *Samnites*, nor the other People of *Italy*, could ever subdue or conquer *Rome*; yet at length it was both vanquish'd and destroy'd, by its own pride in governing, and excessive licentiousness in Wickedness. *Plato* observing the *Athenians* to grow loose, us'd often to say to them, *Look to your selves Athenians, do not lose through Viciousness, what you*

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have

have gain'd by Valour; for I must tell you, as much Prudence is requir'd to preserve Liberty, as Valour to procure it. Experience teaches us, in a free Commonwealth, there are daily more Mischiefs done, Blasphemies utter'd, Crimes committed, Scandal given, good Men defam'd, and Villanies perpetrated, by two or three Libertines, than could be by as many hundred kept under subjection and awe. For we may observe those only are Pilloried, Whipt, Banish'd, Beheaded, Hang'd, and Imprison'd, who mispend their time, live like Vagabonds, and make their Liberty serve meerly to support their Vices. There is nothing in this Life so precious as Liberty, yet at the same time nothing so dangerous, if Men know not how far to make use of it. Liberty is to be diligently sought after, earnestly procur'd, bought, maintain'd, and defended; But I advise and warn him that has obtain'd it, not to use it upon every slight fancy, but only on well grounded Reasons: For otherwise, where a Man imagines he has gain'd it for his whole Life, it will never last him one Month. The Libertinism of *Phalaris* ruin'd the *Greeks*, of *Roboam* perplex'd the *Jews*, of *Cataline* disquieted the *Romans*, of *Jugurtha* annoy'd the *Carthaginians*, and of *Dionysius* destroy'd the *Sicilians*; But nevertheless, at length, the Commonwealths were eas'd of their Troubles, and both they and their Tyrannies expir'd together. Many Men forbear doing ill, because they will not do it; but more, because they cannot: Many refrain out  
of



of Conscience, but more out of Shame : Some are kept under by Reputation, but more by Fear : Many curb themselves because they will be good, but more because they would not be infamous. Whether it be out of Love, Fear, Conscience, or Shame, we ought always to incline to what is good, and refrain from too much liberty ; for where we give a loose to Sensuality, and take the full swinge of our Inclinations, we shall soon find enough to talk of all day, and lament all night. Sir, I have put you in mind of these things, that since you come from *Rome* you may not value your self upon the Customs and Habits of that place ; for, you must understand, it is much pleasanter to describe the Manners of *Italy*, than imitate them. If you happen to reflect on the Grandeur of *Rome*, liberty of its People, variety of Strangers resorting thither, beauty of the Ladies, delicacy of Eating, goodness of Wines, splendidness of Entertainment, and plenty of Markets ; remember withall, that there the Estate is lavished, Conscience burdened, and Soul very often lost. Many of the *Italians* are good, but Strangers in *Italy* for the most part naught ; for where there are but few go thither on account of Devotion, on the contrary, very many Travel to gratifie their Lusts. *Rome* now under Christians is not the same as heretofore under Heathens ; for whereas it was then Mistress of all Virtue, it is now become the worst School of Vice. Yet, notwithstanding the Libertinism and Viciousness of *Rome*, it is

not wholly to be laid upon the Popes, for besides many of them have been Saints, and some in our days have been Virtuous, yet there is none so wicked, but he will endeavour to behave himself well in his own Government. But allowing this, what shall we say of a poor Priest who crosses all *Spain, France, and Lombardy*, to go to *Rome*; yet before he can have his Business dispatch'd, falls into a thousand Snares, spends his Money, and commits innumerable Crimes. For my own part, I must confess I went to *Rome*, saw it, was conversant there, and consider'd it thoroughly, and where I observ'd many things that mov'd me to Devotion, as likewise which rais'd my Admiration. But, Oh! how great and infinite is the difference between the Customs of *Italy*, and the true Laws of Christianity; for the one bids you do what you please, the other what you ought; The one to deny every body that you may thrive, and the other to deny your self that you may be saved; The one to have much regard to your Conscience, the other to be asham'd of nothing; The one to labour to become a good Christian, the other to study how to grow rich; The one to make Virtue your Rule of Life, the other to mind nothing but Libertinism; The one not to speak an untruth upon any account whatever, the other to make no account of Truth where your Interest is concern'd; The one to live upon your own, the other to make use of another's; The one to remember always you are to dye,

the

the other never to be troubled you are not to live; The one to employ your self always in Learning, the other to apply your Mind only to grow great; The one to share what you have with the Poor and your Friends, the other always to lay up for Old Age; The one to be very Circumspect in talking, the other to value your self much upon your Tongue; The one to believe only in Christ, the other to make it your business only to get Money. If upon these Twelve Conditions, My Lord, you are willing to be a *Roman*, much good may it do you; but, no doubt, at the day of Judgment, you will rather wish you had been a Plowman in *Spain*, than Ambassador to the Holy See. I will say no more, but pray God to keep you, and give both you and me an happy end.

*Granada, July 20.*

1525.

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LET

## LETTER XVIII.

*To Doctor Micer Sumier, Regent of Naples;  
in Answer to several Moral Questions.*

Magnificent S I R, but Importunate Friend,

**N** Either is it Untrue, nor am I Sorry for Saying and Affirming, that as I make it my Business to Serve you, you do nothing but Study to Plague me ; which is demonstrable in that you now send me a new Questions never thought on, nor I believe, ever so much as heard of before. Nevertheless, I am of Opinion, you do not so much Ask out of a desire to have 'em Answer'd, as to try my Ability ; and therefore must tell you, that on one hand your Letter caus'd me a great deal of Mirth, and on the other no less Disquiet ; you being in some places extremely Pleasant, when in others extravagantly Curious. I would not have you Proud, because I say you are *Curious*, since you do not fail to shew at the same time, you have little else to do. As it must be allow'd you are Prudent in most you say, so it will as easily be granted, you are over-capricious in what is said to you ; for should I take the same liberty as you have done, no doubt, you would soon conclude, I had either too much leisure, or too little Judgment. Nevertheless, where you seem'd to Write but in Jest, I am resolv'd to  
Answer

Answer you in good Earnest, imitating here-  
in the ancient Orators, who were always  
wont to exert their Eloquence most, where  
they found the least Occasion. You first Ask  
me; Sir, How one Man shall do to know  
another, so that he may either safely receive,  
or carefully avoid him? I Answer 4 ways;  
By his Undertakings, Productions, Words,  
and Companions; For the Man that by Na-  
ture is Proud, in Business Negligent, in Words  
a Lyar, and who keeps bad Company, I am  
sure, is neither fit to be Trusted, nor proper  
to be Believ'd. You Ask me, How many  
things in this Life can have no Equal? I An-  
swer, Four, which are our Liberty, Learn-  
ing, Health, and Good Works: For Liberty  
lightens the Heart, Learning enriches the  
Mind, Health preserves the Body, and Vir-  
tue saves the Soul. You Ask me, What are  
those things that most easily deceive a Man,  
and soonest ruin him? I Answer, Four; De-  
sire of having much, Inclination to know  
much, Over-experience of the World, and  
too great Presumption of ones Abilities. For  
too much Knowledge ends in Madness, too  
great Wealth creates Pride, Living long  
makes Men Negligent, and Self-conceit ren-  
ders 'em Unmindful of their Frailties. You  
Ask me, Sir, What is to be requir'd in a good  
Judge? I Answer, Four Qualities; That he  
hear with Patience, Answer with Prudence,  
Condemn with Justice, and Execute with  
Mercy. For he that is impatient in Hearing,  
Foolish in Answering, Partial in Sentencing,  
and

and Cruel in Executing, I am sure, is rather fit to stand at the Bar to be Tried, than sit on the Bench to Determine. You Ask me, What makes a Man Discreet in his Behaviour, and Wise in his Words? I Answer, Four things; Reading many Books, Travelling many Kingdoms, Suffering many Hardships, and Managing great Affairs. For to raise a Man to the true Estimation of Wisdom, he must have seen the World, been conversant in Books, Undergone Troubles, and Exercis'd no Ordinary Employments. You Ask me, What are those things a Man thinks himself frequently possess'd of, and yet generally wants 'em? I Answer, they are Four; Many Friends, Much Knowledge, Great Wisdom, and Extraordinary Power. For there is none so Great, but may be Vanquish'd; so Wise, that do not sometimes Err; so Knowing, but are often Ignorant; nor so Happy, but have many Enemies; Therefore we may well be said, to have fewer Friends than we imagine; To know less than we Fancy; and in fine, to have both our Power, and even our Wisdom, but very imperfect. You Ask me, Sir, What frequently ruins a Man, and from which he rarely recovers? I Answer; To Neglect his Business, Forsake the Counsel of a Faithful Friend, To meddle with what he has nothing to do; and lastly, To spend more than his Income. For he that is Negligent in what he Undertakes, Rejects the Advice of his Wise Friend, Concerns himself in anothers Affairs, and Spends more than he has, shall soon



soon have a downfal and find no body to raise him. You ask me what are those things a Man would rather die than suffer? I Answer, in my Opinion they are Four; Poverty in old Age, Sicknes in Prison, Infamy after Honour, and Banishment from his own Country. For, to be Poor when old, Sick in Prison, Infamous when Honour'd, and Banish'd without hopes of return: A Brave Man would sooner accept a Virtuous Death, than such a Miserable Life. You ask me, Sir, Who are those that both God Abhors, and Man Abominates? I Answer, a Proud Beggar, a Rich Miser, an Old Leacher, and Young Rake-shame. For, where Youth loses its Modesty, Age its Chastity, Riches its Charity, and Poverty its Humility, there can be no Virtue Cherish'd, much less Practis'd. You ask me, Sir, Who are those that may properly be said to have true Friends? I Answer, Four sorts of Men; which are, the Eloquent, Liberal, Powerful, and good Natur'd. For, they who speak with a Grace, give with a free Heart, are wise in their Commands, and Courteous in their Conversation, shall live in every Bodies esteem, and never want Friends. You ask me, What are the greatest troubles of this Life? I Answer; the Death of ones Children, Loss of ones Estate, Prosperity of ones Enemies, and weakness of ones Friends. For, it must needs be a grear Torment to Bury a Child one has bred, lose an Estate one has got, be subject to an Enemy, or have a Fool to ones Friend. You ask me, Sir, What  
are

are those tryals wherein a Man commonly loses his Patience? I Answer; to Serve and not Please, to Ask and not Receive, to Give without Thanks, and Hope without Success. For, a Mans endeavours to be ill Rewarded, his Petitions Rejected, his Debts with-held, and Hopes Frustrated; he may, indeed, Suffer, but nevertheless, can never prevail with his Tongue to conceal 'em. You ask me, Sir, What are those things that sooner cease to be, than care to be satisfied? I Answer, Four; the Ears with Hearing, Hands with Hoarding, Tongue with Talking, and Heart with Coveting. For, be a Man never so Old and Diseas'd, his Ears are never tir'd with Novelties, his Hands with scraping up Riches, his Tongue with uttering Vanities, nor his Heart with desiring Superfluities: You ask me, What a Man is neither able to Conceal nor Dissemble? I Answer; Love, Grief, Riches, and Ill-will. For, Love is discover'd by Sighs, Grief bursts out in Complaints, Riches appear in the Countenance, and Hatred shows its self in the Eyes. You ask me, Sir, what may easily be lost, and yet can never be Recover'd? I Answer, Four things; Virginity, Time, a Stone cast, and a Word spoken. You ask me, What a Man has most reason to value himself upon? I Answer; Being a good Christian, sincere in his Actions, Patient in his Sufferings, and Secret in his Intentions. You ask me, Who are those that most readily get Friends, and most easily lose 'em? I Answer; Rich Men, Young Men,  
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Powerful People, and Favourites. For, How soon do the Rich grow Contemptible when Poor, the Youth when Old, the Potent Person when he loses his Power, and Courtier when his Prince withdraws his Favour. You ask, How many are the qualities requir'd in a Servant? I Answer, Four; To be Diligent, Patient, Faithful, and True. For he that is willing to learn what he knows not, can suffer when Rebuk'd, discharges his Trust honestly, and makes use of no falsity; Let a Master make much of such a Servant, and that Servant never doubt Preferment. You ask me, What the more a Woman desires, the less she is contented? I Answer; fine Cloaths, Beauty, Freedom, and Credit. For, above all things she loves to be well drest, Esteems her self Handsom, Longs to go where she Lists, and would have every Body believe what she says. You ask, Sir, What a Man must have regard to, before he parts with a Benefit? I Answer, to the Thing, Person, Reason, and Time. For, he must consider the thing, that he may not be Niggardly; The Person, that he may Relieve or Refuse according to Merit; The Reason, that he may Exercise his Charity; and the time, that he may not be tardy in Necessity. You Ask me, What are the best Qualities in a Prince? I Answer, Four; Courage to Suffer, Generosity to Give, Justice to Reward, and Clemency to Pardon. All other Imperfections are the easier born with, where there can be found in him Mercy, Justice, Liberality, and Pat.

Patience. You Ask me, What a Gentleman ought most to avoid, and which soonest brands him? I Answer, Covetousness, Cowardise, Lies, and Injustice. You Ask me likewise, What Properties a Virgin must have to get a good Repute? I Answer, Four; To be Handsom, Honest, an Enemy to Liberty, and Despiser of Bawds. Thus, Sir, are all your Demands Answer'd, and where I have not happen'd to come up to your Expectations, I hope, you'l, at least, Accept of my Endeavours. No more, but God keep you, and give me Grace to Serve him.

*Valencia, Oct. 11.*

1528.

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L E T

## LETTER XIX.

*To the Governor Don Lewis Bravo; occasioned by his falling in Love in his old Age: being a familiar Satyr on such fruitless attempts; as likewise a serious warning to all Old Men not to go beyond their strength.*

Noble, but Inconsiderate Sir,

**T**O Stile you Noble, or right Noble, Virtuous, or right Virtuous, Magnificent, or very Magnificent, were doing you a palpable wrong without the least Honour; since, at the Age you are of, joyn'd with the Life you lead, there appears neither Nobility in your Person, nor Modesty in your Manners. The Letter you sent, plainly shows it was product of your own Brain, and work of your own Hand; since it is thereby demonstrable, how little account you make of Honour; and, at the same time, how void you are of Shame. If you did not deceive me, and your Brother spoke truth, you wanted then but two Months of Sixty three, allowing first-Fruits to the Bishop of *Cordona*, and all the Tithes to the Parson of your Parish. It were but reasonable therefore, to expect at so great Age, you should at length have recover'd your Wits and come to your self: But such is the obstinacy of hardned sinners, they still run on to the end of their Lives before

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fore they think of mending. I am oblig'd to say this, Sir, tho' not so much troubled at what you write, as that you give me cause to answer it after an ungrateful manner; for since you treat of a subject so *Mal a propos*, I may well think my self at liberty to answer with severity. To come to the point then, I must tell you, it seems to me a meer jest; that being a Christian, Divine, Preacher, Priest, Religious Person, and even the strictest of St. *Francis's* Order, you should now talk to me of Love, and even enroll me among the Gallants; For, where I grant it my duty to hear your confession, I do not think my self at all oblig'd to guide you in your Amours. You writ me one particular you ought have been asham'd to propose, since I cannot but blush to answer it; and that is, that at Seventy Years of Age, you are now fallen deeply in Love; and moreover, would needs have me to send you a Love-Letter for your Mistress, as well to perswade her to yield to your desires, as to suspend her Duty to God for a while. Sir, in the mean time, since I am not acquainted with your Mistress, nor so much as know who she is, I should be very glad if you would communicate to her this Letter; which being carefully read and rightly understood, I need not doubt being reveng'd on your imprudence; your being inform'd of your folly, and she convinc'd of your madness. But lest I be thought all this while in Jest, it is high time my Pen should freely tell you my thoughts on the whole matter.

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At your Age, it is great falshood to say you Love, since you cannot so properly now be term'd Amorous as decrepit, a Gallant as Leacher, Pleasing as Doating. At your Age you should rather observe the Nine-a-Clock Bell to go to Bed, than four-a-Clock Chimes i'th' Morning to go home at. At your Age, perhaps you may Love, but it is ridiculous to say, you are belov'd; since the wretch you Court, gives not ear to you for the sake of your Person, but is wholly enamour'd on your Fortune. At your Age, all you can say becomes a Jest; for where Women entertain Young Men for Pleasure, they only give old ones the hearing to laugh at. At your Age, you are unfit to write Songs, Serenade, climb Walls, make a figure in the Streets, or quarrel in the Dark; and yet, Vain and Conceited Women will not only think to be Courted, and well paid in private, but also expect to be Gallanted and Defended in Publick. At your Age, it is not proper to wear thin Shoes, a Hat high-cock'd, a streight Coat, large *Steenkirk*, and your Mistresses Favours; and yet these sort of Animals will not barely require a Man should write wit, but also, be very *Beauish* in his Dress. At your Age, it is impossible to endure the continual Importunities of asking, and everlasting impertinence Messages; for crafty Mistresses soon change their Passion into Sights and Complaints, if all they ask is not given, and all they write answer'd to their minds. At your Age it is hard to feign Sorrow, counter-

feit Sighs and frame Groans; whereas, Worldly loose Women presently fall out and are at variance with Lovers that do not write in doleful manner, and often sigh in their presence. At your Age, it is not tolerable to be employed in seeking variety of Dainties to Treat with, and new Rigging and Jewels to present; For Women are so very full of Fancies, and hard to please, they'l presently hate those they formerly lov'd, and laugh at such as they made much of before, if they do not every Week give them something new to Wear, and every Day send a choice bit to Eat. At your Age, it is not allowable to give account of what you do, nor let any body know what affairs you have in hand: But which, notwithstanding, your Mistress will require; For, unless every Night you relate the transactions of the Day, nay, and what you so much as thought on, you may be assur'd she will soon turn her back in Bed, and perhaps be fullen at Table. At your Age, it is not fit to walk in Fear, and be confin'd to a place, so as not to dare go whither you list, nor frequent what company you fancy: Yet which, your Mistress will nevertheless expect from your Hands, for whenever she understands you visit another, she will immediately forsake you, and defame her. At your Age, you ought to have no body oversee your Estate, or Govern above you in your Family: But which, you must nevertheless condescend to, if you are disposed to Court; since such is the nature of a Mistress, that you must not only give her all  
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she will ask, but also allow her whatever she can steal. At your Age, it is no longer tolerable to be extravagant and lavish in Expences, which he that sets up for a Gallant must be, or never please his Mistress; for whenever you keep a Woman, she will not thank you for her constant allowance, unless you are daily feeding her extravagancies besides. At your Age, it is highly scandalous to leave business of moment, and weight for such as is only trivial and of no advantage, and which, only tends to Pleasure and Lewdness: But which, nevertheless, your Mistress will require at your Hands; for that sort of Cattle are apt to believe the Affairs you have indifferent, and may be omitted, in respect of those, to attend and wait upon them. At your Age, it is not proper to exclude Friends, or forbear visiting Acquaintance, tho' your Mistress will neither allow you to admit one, nor see the other; expecting you should refrain all company for hers, and make it your chief Study to conform your self to her humour. At your Age, it is a shame to Marry, much more pretend to Court; for tho' a Woman be never so Vain and Wild, she will still think one of Seventy much fitter to give Advice, than get Children. At your Age, it is not Lawful to conceal Truth, or flatter any body; which, nevertheless, the Man who Courts is oblig'd to do, and every Mistress expects; for, whenever you shall presume to commend another's Beauty or good Qualities beyond hers, she will soon fly in your Face, shut the Door a-

gainst you, not suffer her self to be seen; and besides, talk largely of you upon the least occasion. At your Age, if you proceed in making Love, either you will be Deluded, or she Cheated; for, if the wretch condescends to your desires, she undoubtedly casts her self away; and if she treats you as such old Fellows deserve, you will as surely find your self impos'd upon and bubbld. At your Age, there is no enduring the cold Dews and nipping Frosts you must undergo; for where it is often requisite you come in late to avoid being seen, you must likewise be gone early to prevent discovery. Sir, I will defer the rest till I see how you can digest this; for, if what I have said shou'd prove too harsh for your Stomach, the next, perhaps, may be somewhat more Lenitive. No more, but GOD assist you always with his Divine Grace.

*Toledo, Oct. 8,*

1524.

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LET.

## LETTER XX.

*To the same ; concerning the Qualities requir'd in an Old Man ; As also, how difficult it is to remove Love from a Heart, where it has once taken root ; Nevertheless prescribing some few Remedies against it.*

Right Noble SIR, and Repenting Old Gentleman,

**B**Y yours I understood, how effectually my last mov'd you, and am exceeding glad it was so well temper'd, as to purge, but not overcome your Soul. Tho I then repented stiling you Noble, I now think you well deserving that Title, since you have done all that became the Nobility of your Blood, and amended what was amiss in your Life. You say, Sir, my Words pierced your Heart, and touched you to the very Quick ; where-with, to deal ingenuously, I am extravagantly pleas'd, since I writ 'em not with intent you should only read, but also be thereby the more sensibly affected ; yet at the same time, must assure you, on the Word of a Gentleman, and Christian, my design was not to affront, but rather incline you to Amend. Sir, you say, as soon as ever you read my Letter, you burnt your Mistresses Favours, tore her *Billets-doux*, turn'd off her Boy who was wont to go between you, kept away from her House, and instantly discharg'd the Bawd :

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All which I cannot but commend, and shall highly extol, if you persevere; for it is so very hard a thing to root out Vice, which has once taken possession, that where we imagine it quite destroy'd, it frequently sprouts out again a-new. Sir, I return you hearty Thanks for what you have done, and beg your Pardon for what I have said; tho I must tell you, in case you Amend, I shall not greatly value your Anger, it being much easier to appease Wrath, than thoroughly banish Vice. You desire me, since I sent the Qualifications of an Amorous Old Man, I would now acquaint you with those that are requir'd in a Discreet one; that as the one may see the dangers he is to avoid, the other may know the way he is to follow. Sir, I am very willing to grant your Request, tho, I can by no means, promise my Wit shall prove so mature, and Pen run so smooth in giving Advice, as Reproving; for many are dull at Councelling, who are commonly very witty when they Rail; nevertheless, I shall discharge my Conscience to the best of my knowledge, assuring such as happen to meet with my Precepts, they'll find far more benefit by practising, than pleasure in reading. Old Men, at your years, ought to be so very exact in what they say, and regular in what they do, that they must not only not be seen to commit any ill Action, but also not to speak the least unseemly Word; A lewd and impudent Old Fellow, being singly sufficient to corrupt a whole Country. Old Men, at your years, must  
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not only give good Example, but also good Advice ; for as it is the Nature of Youth to wander, it ought to be the Property of Age to walk uprightly, and counsel others to do the like. Old Men, at your years, must be meek, modest, and peaceable ; for if once they occasion'd Disturbances and Broils, they are now by all means to promote Unity. Old Men, at your years, are to instruct the Ignorant, and support the Weak, and where they cannot Relieve, they ought, at least, to Comfort ; for many times an Afflicted Heart receives greater Consolation from Words well spoken, than whatever can possibly be given. Old Men, at your years, must busie themselves in settling Affairs at home, and bewailing their Sins abroad : for he may very well be assur'd of his Salvation, who in his Lifetime does what he ought, and at his Death the best he can. Old Men, at your years, should be very sparing of Words, and brief in Relations, neither must they be addicted to tell Romances, or repeat Drolls ; for if young People on this account are term'd Wild and Lewd ; Old, assuredly, will be esteem'd Mad-Men and Buffoons. Old Men, at your years, should avoid all manner of Litigiousness, and, if possible, buy off Law-Suits at any rate, thereby to save themselves much trouble ; for Young People only endure such Fatigues, whilst Old cannot help fretting incessantly at the least Disappointment. Old Men, at your years, must converse with People of good Inclinations, and no ill Conditions, in whom  
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they may safely Repose, and with whom they may securely Discourse ; nothing in this World being so great ease to the Heart of Man, as pleasing Conversation. Old Men, at your years, must seek out and choose Virtuous Persons for Friends, and be very careful such as they pitch upon, and converse with, be neither over-given to talk, nor importunate in asking, Friendship and Importunity being for the most part incompatible. Old Men, at your years, ought not to entertain any other vain, or Worldly thoughts, than those of Managing their Estates, and looking after their Families ; for he that does not mind his Estate, will certainly starve, and who neglects his Family, will as surely never want Misfortunes. Old Men, at your years, are oblig'd only to be clean and decently Dress'd ; for where gayety is commendable in Youth, in Age it is greatly to be despis'd. Old Men, at your years, must very cautiously avoid quarrelling with Enemies, or wrangling with Neighbours ; because, where they happen to have abusive Language given 'em, the mischief is, they may have Sense enough to resent, but have not strength sufficient to revenge. Old Men, at your years, must be very Charitable and Compassionate ; for, as raw young Fellows, being infatuated with the Affairs of the World, think it enough they are call'd Christians ; Old Men, who have had more Experience, and are undeceiv'd, may assure themselves, God will never have Mercy, where they want Charity. Old Men, at your years, ought

ought to have Pious Books to improve their time, and History to divert them ; for since Age will neither permit travel nor labour, they must otherwise, of necessity, be all day idle and thoughtful ; therefore 'twere much better they should employ their time in reading, than tiring themselves out with reflecting on times past. Old Men, at your years, are to avoid sitting in Council, or meddling with Government ; because, the Business there, is, for the most part, manag'd by turbulent Youths, and byas'd Persons ; Men of Sense being seldom or never believ'd, and ancient People as rarely regarded. Old Men, at your years, when either advis'd with, must not be rash, loud, nor positive ; because Youth is only permitted to be Headstrong, where Age is always to be govern'd by Reason. Old Men, at your Age, must be sober, peaceable, and chaste, and rather value themselves on their Virtues than Years ; for in these, and all other times, Men have been still more Respected for good Lives, than living long. Old Men, at your years, after taking necessary care of their Souls, must next have regard to their Bodies ; for as *Galien* says, *Old Age is of that wonderful Nature, it is neither an absolute Disease, nor perfect Health.* Old Men, at your years, must endeavour to have a House airy and open to the Sun, that it may be both wholesome and pleasant ; for, I am of Opinion, no Money is better laid out, than what an ancient Person parts with that way. Old Men, at your years, must not only be sure to live in a good House, but also

to lie on a good Bed, and take care, as the one be made soft, the other be kept warm ; for an ancient Man being always tender and sickly, takes more harm by a little Air at a Cranny, than he did, when young, in a Frosty Night. Old Men, at your years, must beware they have but few Dishes on their Table, as also, that the Meat be tender and well season'd ; for otherwise, if they eat much, and love variety, they will always be sickly, and seldom be at rest : for tho they may have Money wherewithall to buy, they rarely have Stomachs sufficient to digest. Old Men, at your years, must have a warm Bed, a Room well hung, a soft Fire, and Chimney that does not smoak ; for the Life of Old People depends chiefly on being cleanly, keeping themselves warm, and living easie. Old Men, at your years, must be cautious of living over Water, standing on moist Ground, and sleeping in windy Places ; because, being tender as Children, and naturally infirm, the Air penetrates their Pores, and Dampness soon seizes their Spirits. Old Men, at your years, upon pain of Death, must be moderate at Dinner, and abstinent at Supper ; because their Stomachs being weak and cold, cannot digest two Meals a day : when that greedy old Person, who presumes to do the contrary, will both belch much, and sleep little. Old Men, at your years, to prevent Sickneses, and growing fat and unweildy, must lighten themselves sometimes with Exercise ; otherwise, perhaps, they may once happen to be seized

seised by an Astma, which will so choak 'em up, they shall rather seem to blow than breath. Old Men, at your years, should be very cautious of giving ill Language to Servants, and must bear sometimes with Failings, and, besides, pay 'em duly their Wages; and this, that they may live easie, and not dissatisfied; for otherwise they will be negligent in performing their Duty, and very often subject to Steal. Old Men, at your years, must make it their chief business to go to Church; but if any one thinks much of this Injunction, I require it no oftner of him than he went to see his Mistress, when young. To conclude, Old Men, at your years, must endeavour to wear their Cloaths neat, Linnen clean, keep their Houses decent, and Beds sweet; for he who is Ancient, and would be esteem'd Wise, if he desires to be healthy, and live contented, must keep his Body free from Lice, and Mind from Disgusts. At the end of your Letter you write, that though you have cast off your Love, and discarded your Mistress, yet the Pain still remains with you, and therefore desire I would prescribe a Remedy, or, at least, send you some Comfort; for tho you have already turn'd it out of your House, yet it ceases not often to knock at your Door. In this case I must refer you to *Hermogenes*, *Ctesiphon*, *Dorcacius*, *Plutarch*, and *Ovid*, who have all spent much time, and writ many Books of Instructions how to Love, or avoid that Plague. But let *Ovid*, *Dorcacius*, and the rest, say what they please, in my Opinion,

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the surest Remedy against Love, were never to begin it; it being a Beast so very untoward, that it will be taken with a Thread, where it can never be frighted away with a Sword. Let every Man be cautious what he goes about, consider what he does, be careful in what he Undertakes, mind whom he Visits, and observe where he settles his Affection; for tho it was in his choice to enter, it will hardly be in his power to return safe. He that ventures upon Love will meet with Precipices, Bogs, Briers, and Whirlpools in the way, where many are cast down, stuck, torn, and drown'd; so that even the Man who escapes the best, for the most part, comes off but very scurvily. How often did *Hercules* wish he were well quit of his Mistress *Mitrida*, *Menelaus* of *Dortha*, *Paris* of *Hellen*, *Alcibiades* of *Dorbeta*, *Demophoon* of *Phillis*, *Hannibal* of *Sabina*, and *Marc Antony* of *Cleopatra*, from whom, nevertheless, they could never be parted, but, at length, were all jointly lost together. In Love let no Man trust another, or rely upon himself, for it is so very natural to both Sexes, and the desire of being belov'd so agreeable, that whenever it joins, it is a cement that seldom gives way. Love is such a hidden Cancer, it fixes not on the Face where it may be seen, nor pulse where it may be felt; but on the poor Heart, where, tho it be very pungent, yet none dares discover it. After all, the best Remedy I can think of against Love is, that it be not permitted to take root in the Mind, that the Eyes be kept from gazing,



gazing, the Ears be stopt against Procurers, no Familiarity be entertain'd with Women, that, if any come, the Doors be shut against 'em, and that a Man be not abroad after day shut in ; for thus, if Love be not totally Cur'd, at least, I'm sure, it will be considerably Eas'd. Sir, if you will weigh well all has been said, and make your advantage accordingly, you will infallibly prevent much trouble, and save a great deal of Expence ; it being much more proper for your Age, and my Gravity, to know where are the best Taverns, than the finest Ladies. Sir, let your acquaintance, the Licentiate *Burgos*, be a Warning and Check to you for the future ; who being old, as you are, and in Love likewise, died last Saturday, in so strange a manner, it was both a terror to all in general, and an exceeding Grief to his Relations besides. I will say no more, at present, but pray God to Preserve you, and give me Grace always to Serve Him. *Amen.*

*Burgos, Febr. 24.*  
1523.

## LETTER XXI.

*To Don Alonso Espinel Corregidor of Oviedo, a very Neat and Pleasant Old Gentleman; wherein the Author hints, how much the Ancients always Honoured Age: Together with several Priviledges peculiar to Old People, exceeding Pleasant, and no less Reforming.*

Very Illustrious S I R, and Honest Old Gentleman,

**S**olon, Prometheus, Licurgus, and Numa Pompilius, chief Lawyers of the World, tho they differ'd in many things, yet all agreed in these; That Men should worship the Gods, be Merciful to the Poor, and Honour Old Age. There has no Nation been hitherto heard of so Barbarous, or People so Inhuman, where the Worship of a Deity, Relief of the Poor, and Respect to Age, was forbid; for these Three things are in themselves so very Essential and Natural, that they require no Law to authorise, nor Princè to enforce 'em. Eschines the Philosopher, in a Speech to the Rhodians says, there were but Seven Laws in the Islands Baleares, which were, That they should Worship the Gods, Take Pity on the Poor, Honour Ancient People, Obey their Princes, Oppose Tyrants, Kill Thieves, and None of them Travel in Strange Countreys.

*Amus*

*Aulus Gellius*, lib. 2. cap. 25. writes, that among the *Romans*, those who had acquir'd great Riches, or attain'd to high Places, were not so much honour'd and respected as such who had liv'd to a great Age, and behav'd themselves always with a stay'd Gravity. In those times ancient Men were held in so high esteem, they reverenc'd them almost as Gods, and honour'd them as Loving Fathers. It is certain the *Romans* took the Custom of paying such Deference to Age from the *Lacedemonians*, among whom it was an establish'd Law, that only ancient grave Men could be constituted Judges to punish, and Censors to direct. The Philosopher *Pantheon*, who was Master to *Empedocles*, being ask'd by a King of *Thebes*, called *Circidacus*, How he should do to govern his Dominions? answer'd, If you will have your Kingdom well Manag'd, and People live quiet, cause the old Men to govern, young to go to the Wars, and Women to Spin and Bake at home; for, if on the contrary, you permit Women to take up the business of Men, young People to live idle, and old to be laid quite aside, you will soon suffer much trouble in your Person, and the Commonwealth be likewise in great danger of destruction. The *Veteran Romans* enjoy'd five singular Priviledges in *Rome*, which were, That if they came to Poverty, they should be maintain'd by the Publick; That only they could sit down in the Temples, wear Rings on their Fingers, Eat in private, and have a Robe down to their Feet; all which were Religiously observ'd from *Numa Pompilius* down even

to the Dictator *Quintus Cincinnatus*. After the *Romans* were defeated by *Hannibal*, at the three famous Battles of *Trebia*, *Thrasimen*, and *Canna*, there being but few left to maintain the Commonwealth, and fewer fit to endure the hardships of War, the Senate order'd none should remain in the City, but such as were Married, and had Wife or Children to maintain ; so that no Person then could continue in *Rome* without keeping either a Wife or a Mistress : Also, that Men might the better be encourag'd to Marry, it was then ordain'd, that for the future all Honours and Dignities in the Commonwealth should be conferr'd only on such as maintain'd a Family ; so that it thereby came to pass, they were most esteem'd who had most Children, and not those who were eldest. This was call'd *Lex Cimica*, which also Enacted, That in case there were several Competitors who had got some more, some fewer Children, and lost some in the Wars, that then regard should not be had to him that had got, but him that had lost most, because the *Romans* held all that died in defence of their Country, in the same Veneration we do those that become Martyrs for the Faith. Now, to come to the purpose, I say, and affirm, you have merited all these three Honours, and they ought worthily to be conferr'd upon you ; since in Age you are Seventy five, as to Matrimony have had Eleven Children, and then four of them been kill'd in the Wars of *Granada* : Nevertheless, I am of Opinion, you would willingly resign the Honours

hours you have gain'd by living so long, having so many Children, and losing four in the Wars, providing you could but have escap'd the vast Troubles you have under-gone ; for in this unhappy World Reputation every day grows less, when Troubles daily increase. Sir, I have computed my Age, and find I am but Forty four ; yet, as I hope to be saved, am so very full of Discontent, and exceedingly tir'd out with Sufferings, that I covet not so much to live a great while, as to Repent sincerely of my Sins, and this because our Salvation depends not upon a long, but Virtuous and Pious Life. *Vivere erubescō, & mori pertimescō*, cry'd St. Anselm, as who would say ; *Comparing the wickedness of my Life, with the Punishment I deserve for it, on one hand I am asham'd to live, and on the other afraid to dye ; for with God no Merits pass unrewarded, nor Guilt unpunish'd.* Suitable to the saying of which Saint, I protest, when I stand to consider how long I have liv'd, and how little good have done, I can neither forbear Sighing, nor give over Weeping, reflecting, how at the hour of my death a strict Account will be taken, not only of the ills I have committed, but also the good Actions I have declin'd. I find but one good quality in my self, and that is, I commiserate my own Failings, and envy the Perfections of others ; and would to God I could with the same ease amend, as I can discover, my own Faults ; for then, I assure you, the Crime would be no sooner committed, than I should begin to do Penitance for it. Therefore now, since you

are past Seventy, and I am onwards of Fifty, methinks, it is no ill Advice we should begin to lay aside superfluous Care, and put in execution our good Purposes; for frequently the best part of our Life is spent only in designing to grow better; But yet when we least think of it, death often prevents us before we have begun, and so leaves us in a State of Perdition. Remember, Sir, in how many Wars you have been, how many Famines have seen, how many Friends have lost, and how many Plagues escap'd, from all which dangers Almighty God has deliver'd you, not because you have not deserv'd a thousand deaths, but that you might have more time to repent. In order to be Healthy, and prevent Diseases, I confess a Man must live temperate, and somewhat indulge himself; yet, at the same time, I avouch, we are neither to attribute to our Physician, nor Care of our selves, the length or shortness of our days, for that depends only on the will and good Pleasure of our Maker. Sir, I intreat and charge you to be moderate in Discourse, temperate in Eating, charitable in Giving, and grave in Advising; so that you may value your self more upon your Gravity than Age; otherwise, as you reckon your Years, others will not fail to count your Vices.

I remember this time twelve month, when you were laid up of the Gout, and I came to visit you, you then requested the same thing you now write about, that is, to inform you of the Priviledges and Immunities of old Men.

This,



This, Sir, is what might very well have been asked of somebody else, who were wiser, and had more Years over their Heads; chiefly considering, tho' I am past my Youth, I have not yet arrived at Old Age; for as *Aulus Gellius* says, the *Romans* enjoyed not the Privileges of Age, till they were Forty Seven Years Old. Nevertheless, I am willing to perform what you so earnestly desire, on condition, you shall neither be offended nor dissatisfied; for, I intend to write and acquaint you only with the Prerogatives of humourfome old Fellows, without offering in the least, to touch upon any, whose Gravity and Age are equal; and by whose Prudence States are frequently Govern'd, and Youth as often directed. It is only just, my Pen should launch out upon such as me, who am a Vagabond, you that are Humourfome, *Alonso de Ribera* who is an eternal Babler, *Pedro de Espinel* a continual Gamester, *Roderigo de Orejon* newly set up for a Spark, *Sancho de Najara* for an Epicure, and *Gutierre de Hermosilla* who is most immoderately Fretful. *Tullius*, *Possidonius*, *Laertius* and *Polycrates* spent many Hours, and writ several Treatises to prove, that Old Age was Profitable and Advantageous; and yet how far were they from the Truth, and how little was their knowledge of what they affirm'd, since we find by experience, it is nothing less than a Disease, whereof we never recover, and a sickness, which, at last, deprives us of our being. Sir, I will here reckon up some of the Priviledges which Old Men enjoy, and Age

carries along with it, which yet, will be nothing, in respect of the many infirmities attend grey Hairs; being so exceeding numerous, and very grievous, that they can hardly be comprehended, much less recounted.

*Several Remarkable Priviledges of Old Men, full of Raillerie, and Facetious Reflections.*

It is a Priviledge of Old Men to be short Sighted and blear Eyed, and very often where there is not a Cloud to be seen in the Air, they are to be found in their Eyes. It is the Priviledge of Old Men to have a ringing in their Ears, and to be much troubled at their not hearing well; and this is discernable in that they often turn their Heads on one side to listen, and understand not what is said without hollowing. But still, the worst is, they frequently imagine what is spoken, and which, they do not understand; to be a design upon them, and in their Prejudice. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to have their hairs fall off without Combing, and Itch grow in their Necks without Sowing; wherefore will stand a whole day sunning their Heads, and complaining the Dandrif makes 'em scratch, when, for Cure, they should be washed in Chamberlye, but dare not, for fear of the weakness of their *Pericranys*. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to want Teeth in their Mouths, to have some Loose, and others Rotten; but still the worst is, that many of 'em complain when they Drink, and Lisp when they Talk.

It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to put Pepper-Corns into their hollow Teeth, and afterwards to take a little Wine and Rosemary to wash their Mouths, It is the Priviledge of Old Men, I mean such as are past Three-score, to give largely to Young Wenches to pick their Heads, and scratch their Backs. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, whenever they complain or Limp, by reason of some Swelling in their Legs, hard Nodes, nails grown under the Flesh, or their Veins being full of Wind, if any Neighbour ask what they ail, they may Swear, and Forswear, it is but a scratch. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to wear their Perriwigs a-wry, Cravats two Inches from their Necks, Stockings wrinkled, Shoes wide, and to go often in Slippers; and this, not to appear Careless or Modish, but because they are Gouty or have got the Pox. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, I mean Rotten and Consumptive Fellows, when they design to spit on the ground, to drivel on their Waistcoats; and which, does not always proceed from Love of Nastiness, but sometimes meer weakness of Lungs. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, never to be out of a Chimney-Corner when the weather's Cold, and to Sun themselves after Dinner if it be fair; the pleasure of which is, that the heat dries up their Mouths, and they are therefore often forced to send after the Vintner's Wife. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to have their Heads and Hands shake; so that they cannot sip Broth without greasing themselves, nor

drink Wine without spilling. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to sit in Elbow-Chairs with Backs, that they may lean and loll, and sometimes divert their Catarrhs with a Nap. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to Dine at Eleven, have a Collation at Two, and Sup at Six; also, to be very punctual in going to Bed with the Hens, and rising before day to call the Maids. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to limp about House with a Cudgel in their Hands, that the Stick may walk as well as carry; also, sometimes to stir up the Fire with it, and now and then to strike a Servant. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, without my Lord Mayors leave, and inspight of both Sheriffs, to fasten their Handkerchiefs to their Girdles, and wear a Slabbering-bib at Table; Also, a double clout about their Necks in Bed, on which, for want of better, they may wipe their Hands and blow their Noses. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to Eat leasurely, Drink often, and tumble their Meat from one Jaw to another; also, if the Guests stay long, i'th' mean time they are allow'd to taste the Wine, and cut a slice off the Spit with a safe conscience. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to ask, *whether Moon or Star-light when they go to Bed?* and early in the Morning, *whether the Sun shines, it has Rained, or is a Frost?* They punctually observe the change o'th' Moon, and if the weather be dry or wet at that time; but in case they forget, their Bones and Corns soon put them in mind. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to complain they counted all hours

in the Night, and to enquire 'ith' Morning *which way the Wind stands?* For if Southerly, they say, it makes 'em faint, and, if Easterly, disorders 'em. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to set a Board under their Feet, and lean their Elbows on a Cushion; and, if they happen to fall a sleep, lying back in their Chair, or leaning on a Table, I am told, they cannot well be call'd to account for it. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to use all defensive shelter against Cold, as their Mortal Enemy, and to avoid walking against Wind: But, what I most admire, was, their great Prudence in the hard Winter, to keep their Doors shut, and Windows close. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, not to go to Bed without a Spitting Dish, Chamber-pot at Beds-Head, and Close-Stole at its Feet, and if their Doxy will so allow it, to have a Man or Maid always lie in the Room to be ready when they call, or cover them warm when the Cloaths fall off. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to wash their Feet every *Saturday*, pare their Corns and Nails close, and put on a clean Shirt at Night; and if it happen to be a fair Day, to Court the Maid to Comb and Scratch their Heads. It is the Priviledge of Old Men to pass the time after Dinner at Whisk, Cribbage, or Tables in their Neighbours Houses, if they can go abroad, or else send for them to their own where they cannot: But, the best on't is, as long as they play they will be sure to have Fruit and Wine on the Table, and that, none of the worst in  
Town.



Town. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to lean against a Shop, walk in the Church-Porch, sit on some Bench in the Market, or on a Chair at their own Doors; and this, only to hear what News about Town, and talk with all that pass by; which custom their Neighbours often Curſe, and their Servants Damn; and this, because they would not have them over-hear what they say, or over-look all they do. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to complain to their Neighbours, and chide their Servants, because the Bread's stale, Meat not tender, their Diet ill dressed, the House not clean, Maid saucy, and their Wives Gossips; All which complaints are sometimes occasion'd by their being ill-attended, but oftner by their being ill conditioned. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, without fear of being Indicted, *Quod suadente Diabolo*, &c. or incurring the penalty of disobeying any Proclamation, to pare of the Crusts from their Bread, and to put no Water to their Wine: Also, it is an Essential part of their Prerogative if past Threescore, that the Morſels they Eat may be reckoned, but not how many times they Drink. It is the Priviledge of Old Men to chide Servants for laughing loud, and to enquire what they are talking of when they speak low; and the reason is, because they think they laugh'd at them when they laugh out, or talk'd ill of them when they spoke low. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to grumble or chide their Maids, both when they stay at home or go abroad; saying, they  
never



never come in time when they are sent out, and seldom do any thing to rights when they are order'd. But, the pleasantest thing of all is, that by the by, in their Wive's absence, they will make Love to them, and shew themselves oftentimes jealous of the Men. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to complain eternally their Knees pain 'em, that they are troubled with heat of Liver, their Kidneys molest 'em are sick at Stomach, the Gout torments 'em, Sciatica keeps 'em waking, and above all, that Poverty oppresses 'em; so that there is scarce one Old Man in a hundred, who is not loaded with Pains and Aches, and who does not always pretend want of Money. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to ask all they meet, *What News?* as also to be observ'd, that be whatever they hear true or false, they'll presently tell it again for a certainty, add something of their own, and embellish the whole with their pithy Poetick Remarks. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, at least once a month, to open their Coffers, shut the Doors, and all alone to survey their Treasure; counting their Money two or three times over, laying the Guinea's by themselves, Crown-Pieces in one place, and Broad Gold in another, but of which they would not part with a single Piece either to save their Souls, or relieve their Bodies. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to be naturally Covetous, Niggardly, Penurious, and Close, and that not only in regard to their Neighbours, but even to themselves; which is plainly discernable, in that they keep their best Cloaths

Cloaths to wear the worst, sell their best Wine, and drink the poorest, and part with their best Wheat, to eat the coarsest; so that they live poor to die rich, and all that they labour'd to purchase whilst living, is afterwards sold by Outcry. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, when call'd to Councel, Weddings, or at Church, to take the upper end of the Table, and propose first what they think proper to be Debated; but still the mischief is, that most are so very tedious in their Narrations, and various in their Sayings, that they rather exact Scorn and Contempt, than Respect and Veneration. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to Speak without being spoke to, Answer without being Ask'd, Give Advice without being Consulted, Take any thing without being offer'd, Go into any House without being sent for, and sit down at Table without being invited; which I happening once to reprove in a Friend of mine, he answer'd; *Sir, trouble not your self with matters of such small importance, for you know well all Places are free to Honourable Age.* It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to be naturally Quarrellsom, Passionate, Melancholy ill Humour'd, Jealous, and hard to please; and the reason is, because through Age their Blood being cold, Choler corrupted, and Humours chang'd, they take more Satisfaction in Quarrelling than Laughing. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, in long Winter-nights, and Summer Holidays, to sit down, and tell what Countreys they have travelled through, Wars  
been

been in, Voyages made, Dangers escap'd, and Amours have had ; but yet they will never tell you how many years they are old, or how long it is since those Passages happened ; but if you chance to mention any such thing, they immediately turn the Discourse another way. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to be always in Apothecaries Books, often dealing with Physicians, consulting old Women, to be Skill'd in the Qualities of many Herbs, to Understand Distilling of Waters, Sunning of Bottles, and to keep Pots of Physick in their Cupboards : But notwithstanding, all those of my Country, which is the Mountains, are much better acquainted with Vintners Buts, than Apothecaries Books. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to hate sower, and love sweet things ; such as Dates of *Oran*, Citron of *Candia*, sweet Lemmons of the *Canaries*, Marmelade of *Portugal*, and Preserves of *India* ; yet, I know some old Fellows so very healthy and robust, that they'l prefer a good *Westphalia* Ham to all the Sweetmeats in the Universe. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to extol past Times, and rail at present, saying, in their Youth they were acquainted with such and such, who were Brave, Resolute, Generous, Noble, and Stout ; but now the World is so far degenerated, that Men are all Cowards, Niggards, Lyars, Misers, and Knaves: The cause of which Discontent is, that being then in the heat of their Youth, they liked every thing, but now grown Aged, nothing is pleasing to 'em. It is the  
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Priviledge of Old Men, by Authority, or through Necessity, to wear a Fox-Skin on their Arms to dry up the Rheum, and next their Head a Quilted Cap to suck up the Sweat; Then to lie on a soft Feather-bed to keep 'em warm, and wear at night a Linnen Waistcoat for fear they should be uncovered in Bed; also a Scarlet one by day to please their Eyes; and lastly, a warm Stomacher to help Digestion. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, in Winter to put on as many pair of Stockings as they please, Shoes with Cork and Hat in them, and Galloshes over all; They may also wear Woollen, Leather, and Fur Gloves, all at once; Nay, they may at the same time wear Doublet, Waistcoat, Coat, Surtout, and Cloak, and on their Heads a Cap, Wig, and Hat; They may likewise lie on a Down Bed, Quilts, and Feather-bed, and be covered with Blankets, Rugs, and as much Bedding as they please; They may also lie in an Alcove Matted, keep a Fire there, and have their Bed well warm'd; But still, notwithstanding this, the Wretches never cease coughing all night, nor grunting all day. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, when they go to Bed to have their Shins scratch'd, and Backs rubb'd; and, if it be a neat Old Fellow, he sees his Breeches first well look'd, and has his Legs stroak'd, after which he cries to the Maid, *I pray thee Mary open the Bed, and bring me a Dram.* It is the Priviledge of Old Men, when at home alone, or awake in Bed, they may think on their Youth past, and all their old Acquaintance

tance gone ; also, how useless Age has made them, and how little they are now to be valued ; The Memory of which often-times makes 'em Heavy and Melancholy, because they see they must die without remedy, and rot without redemption. It is the Privilege of Old Men, to talk often with the Parson of the Parish about their Funeral, and frequently consult their Lawyer concerning their Will : But the Jest is, there is hardly one hour in a day in which they do not alter their Resolution, about being buried in this or that place, and leaving what they have to this or that Body. It is the Privilege of Old Men, to be known where-ever they come, and heard where-ever they go, that is, by Coughing as they Walk, dragging their Feet, and many times by the Noise they make with their Cane, but most commonly by muttering and scolding at their Men. It is the Privilege of Old People, to turn every Bit they eat a long time from one side of their Mouths to 'tother before they swallow it, and to hold a Glass of Wine the mean while in their Hands, so that their Throats being better at swallowing, than Jaws at chewing, their greatest comfort is to take two or three gulps with every Morsel ; for tho what they eat may be but ill chew'd, yet then it must needs be well soak'd. It is the Privilege of Old Men, to carry the Keys of their Money close in their Fobs, and those of their Wine and Corn in their Pockets ; so that when they are to give out Corn to Grind, or Money for usual Expences, they frequently make the House ring,  
and

and often spoil their Wives Dinners. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to be peevish to those that ask, *how old they are?* and pleas'd with such as talk of their past Amours; but the worst is, they could even murder such as do not honour them for their years, and yet are always angry with those that compute 'em; so that they love the Respect due to them, but conceal their Age which is the Occasion of it. It is the Priviledge of Old Men, to complain to every body *they cannot eat, their Meat's not well season'd, they have no Dainties, their Bed's not well made, that the Gout continually torments, and Suppers do 'em harm, and lastly, that they have not slept one wink all night;* and yet, on the other hand, it is hardly day when they begin to quarrel with every body, because they have not brought them their Breakfast. This is all, only I pray God to keep you, and give me Grace to serve him.

Valencia, Febr. 12.

1524.

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## LETTER XXII.

*To Don Antonio de Zuniga, Prior of St. John's; informing him, that though a Gentleman be subject to Failings, he ought to be guilty of nothing Dishonourable; With several Encomiums on this Prior's Valour in his Command at the Siege of Toledo: As likewise a Promise to recommend his Prowess to Posterity.*

Illustrious Lord, and very brave Commander,

Yesterday, being St. Lucy's Day, Lopez Osorio gave me your Lordship's Letter, dated from the Camp before Toledo, with which, in truth, I was extreamly pleas'd, and set a high value upon it, both because writ by such a Hand, and sent from such a Place; for in time of so great Revolution as this, a Gentleman must not write from his House where he is at ease, but the Camp where he is fighting. The Priest must value himself on his Surplice, and Countryman on his Plow, but the Gentleman chiefly upon his Sword; so that in a well-govern'd Commonwealth the Priest Prays, Countryman Plows, and Gentleman Fights. A Man is not a Gentleman for being only well born, powerful, rich, and having many Vassals; for a Tradesman may have Qualifications, and a Jew some-

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time

times buys them : But what makes a Man deserve that Character is Moderation in Speaking, Liberality in Giving, Temperance in Eating, Honesty of Life, easiness in Forgiving, and Valour in Fighting. Tho a Man be never so well Born, and possess never so large an Estate, yet if he be lavish of his Tongue, an Epicure, Proud, Malicious, Covetous, Impatient, or a Coward, we may well say he is fitter for the Plow than Sword. Baseness, Sloath, Covetousness, Malice, Falshood, and Cowardise, are always incompatible with Gentility ; for tho in a true Gentleman there may be some things found blameable, yet still there ought to be nothing infamous. There has been no time in our Age so proper for a Man of Honour to shew himself as this ; for since the King is out of the Kingdom, the Queen sick, Councel fled, People in Rebellion, Governours in the Field, and all the Kingdom in an uproar ; it is now or never that Gentlemen must labour and expose their Lives to settle their Country, and serve their Prince. Every good Gentleman now turns his Gloves into Gauntlets, Mules into Manag'd-Horses, Buskins into Jack-boots, Hat into a Helmet, Waistcoat into a Coat of Mail, Silks into Armour, Gold into Steel, and his Hunting into Fighting ; so that he must now value himself not so much on a good Library, as a good Armory. It is as necessary for publick Good that Gentry Arm, as that Clergy put on their Vestments ; for as Prayer wipes away our Sins, so Arms frequently deliver us from our  
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Enemies. I have said all this, my Lord Grand Prior, to make you sensible, we know here not only all you do in the Camp, but also all you say. Nevertheless, for your part you have no cause to be concern'd, since every body praises your Conduct, and magnifies your Fortune. *Judas Maccabæus* is highly commend- ed, for that being once advis'd by his Men to save himself by flight, when he was about to give Battle, he cry'd, *God forbid we should bring our Fame into question by such Baseness, when we may all dye here this day in defence of our Law, vindication of our Brethren, and to avoid living with Infamy.* The Greek Historians greatly magnifie their King *Ogiger*, being ready to engage the *Lycaonians*, and his Men telling him they were very numerous, he answer'd, *The Prince that will command many, must fight many.* *Anaxandridas*, General of the *Spartans*, being ask'd, *Why his Men chose rather to be kill'd than taken?* answer'd, *Because they are better pleas'd to die free, than live Slaves.* The great Prince *Bias* being at War with *Iphicrates* King of the *Athenians* and falling unawares into an Ambush of his Enemies, his Men, ready to fly, asking, *What they should do?* he replied, *Go tell the Living I dye Fighting, and I will acquaint the Dead you sav'd your selves by Flight.* *Leonidas*, Son of *Anaxandridas*, and Brother to *Cleomenidas*, being told by his Men in a Battle, That the Enemies Arrows flew so thick they even darkned the Sun. he readily answer'd, *If their Arrows hide the Sun, we shall surely fight in the Shade.* *Carilus*, Fifth

King from *Licurgus*, being in a pitch'd Battle against the *Athenians*, and hearing one of his Captains ask another, *Whether he knew the number of the Enemies*; he replied for the other, *Brave and Courageous Officers must never ask, how many their Enemies are, but where they are*; for as the one shews a disposition to run away, the other does only an inclination to fight. *Alcibiades*, the famous *Athenian* General, in his Conflict with the *Lacedemonians*, hearing his Men cry throughout the Camp, *To Arms! to Arms!* for we are fallen into the hands of our Enemies, he said, *Have Courage, Friends, and fear nothing, for it is not we that are fallen into their hands, but, on the contrary, they into ours.* I have thought fit to mention these few Matters of Antiquity, that all that are with you may know, and all that are from you understand, that your Illustrious Lordship well deserves to be ranked among these noble Heroes, since it appears they have outdone you neither in Words or Actions. For we have been lately inform'd, how those of *Toledo* making a Sally to surprize a great Convoy going to your Camp; and many of your Men beginning to fly, and advising you to do the like, you, my Lord, like a brave Soldier, and expert Captain, rush'd boldly through the thickest of your Enemies, crying out, *This way, Gentlemen, this way; for shame! for shame! Victory! Victory! for if we overcome we obtain our desire, and if we dye we do but our Duty!* Words worthy to be remembred and carved in Letters of Gold upon your Tomb Stone,  
since

since that day it appear'd you not only kill'd above Seven with your hand, but also overcame as many thousands by your Valour and Conduct. *Tragus Pompeius* often Remarks, the great Victories obtain'd by the *Romans*, were not so much got by the Strength of their Armies, as Prudence of their Generals; and this may the easier be credited, since we daily see the success of a Battle is not so much attributed to the Army that fought, as the General who commanded. The *Assyrians* boast of their Commander *Belus*, the *Persians* of *Cyrus*, *Thebans* of *Hercules*, *Hebrews* of *Machabens*, *Greeks* of *Alcibiades*, *Trojans* of *Hector*, *Egyptians* of *Ogiges*, *Epirots* of *Pyrrhus*, *Romans* of *Scipio*, *Carthaginians* of *Hannibal*, and the *Spaniards* of *Viriatius*. This *Viriatius* was a Native of the Province of *Lusitania*, (now *Portugal*;) in his youth he was first a Shepherd, then Farmer, then Highwayman, afterwards a General, and the best and greatest Defender of his Country that ever was. The *Roman* Authors themselves confess, that in Fifteen years he maintain'd War against 'em, they could neither kill, take, nor defeat him; whereupon, being unable to subdue him by Force, they, at length, contriv'd to destroy him by Poison. I thought convenient, My Lord Prior, to put you in mind of this Piece of History, that in this Civil War we are engag'd in, you may prove as a new *Machabens* among the *Hebrews*, and a second *Viriatius* among the *Spaniards*; and, that as our Enemies may have Matter to relate, we likewise may have a

General to commend. Let the conclusion be therefore, that you labour to withstand Vice manfully, as you have hitherto courageously oppos'd Our Enemies ; for, but a few blots in Persons so remarkable as your Lordship, will alone Eclipse the Glory of many Victories. As to what Don *Ferdinando de Vega* recommended to me in your behalf, *That since you signaliz'd your self so eminently in War, you might not be forgot in my Chronicle* ; assure your Illustrious Lordship, that if your Sword prove equal to that of *Achilles*, my Pen shall endeavour to be like that of *Homer*. No more, but God Bless you, and give me Grace to serve Him.

*Medina de Rio seco,*  
*Febr. 18. 1522.*



## LETTER XXIII.

*To Don Ignigo de Velasco, Constable of Castile; shewing, that Anger and Passion ought never to be permitted to reign in the Heart of a Man of Honour; condemning communicating Letters; Instructing how and when to Advise; And lastly, Writing some Focose News from Court.*

Very Illustrious Lord, and Compassionate Constable,

**I** Have reason to say of your Lordship, what the Holy Ghost did of the Synagogue, *Curavimus Babyloniam, & non est curata; Ergo relinquamus illam.* We have taken care of Babylon, and she would not be healed, therefore let us leave her. I say this, my Lord, because it is a pleasant Jest, when having desired you would not let my Lady Dutchess know one word of what I writ, you not only presently shew'd her my Letter, but were also pleas'd to make sport with it. Nevertheless, I think I am even with you in that particular, for I immediately communicated yours to the Earl of Nassau; so that if mine serv'd to divert you, yours was as good as a Play among the Flemings, Portugueses, Germans, and Spaniards. It was very proper the Dutchess should ridicule my reflecting on her Sex; for I have reason to commend her Discretion, where I

must needs blame your Rashness. For the future, I beg your Lordship, not to make so much trial of the worth of my Letters, but having once read, you would either tear, or burn them; for otherwise some Persons may happen to hear or see 'em, who not being over-wise, or good natur'd, may wrest that to my prejudice, which was design'd both for their and your Advantage. But to say no more of this, you tell me, for my sake you are willing to be reconcil'd to that Gentleman, which I value equally as if you had pardon'd me the Affront; being so much my Friends Friend, that I place to my own account whatever service is done either for him or his Family. Besides, granting my Request, you perform'd but your Duty, for Princes and great Men are to be so far from doing wrong to others, that they must not so much as revenge Injuries to themselves; for you well know, what in Inferiors is term'd Rage, in great Persons is accounted Pride; and farther, what among those is esteem'd a just Punishment, among these is reckon'd but Revenge. Every time you compare your Nobility and Conscience together, you will be pleas'd at the Wrongs you have forgiven, and be troubled for the Injuries you have reveng'd. To pardon Offences is a great Satisfaction, when desire of Revenge carries along with it a heavy Discontent; I mean, that sometimes a Man striving to revenge some small Affront, comes off with great shame. There are Injuries of that nature, they must not only not be reveng'd,

veng'd, but also not be so much as own'd; for Honour is so nice, that when-ever a Man confesses an Affront receiv'd, he is thereby presently oblig'd to answer it. The Consul *Mamilius* once asking *Julius Cæsar*, *What he most valued himself upon, and whereof the memory was most dear to him?* Cæsar replied, *I swear by the Immortal Gods, I deserve Honour on no greater account, nor am so much pleas'd on any, as pardoning those that wrong me, and rewarding such as serve me.* A Sentence worthy of praise, grateful to hear, and fit to imitate; for, tho *Julius Cæsar* believ'd like a Heathen, yet he acted as a Christian; When, on the contrary, we believe as Christians, but act like Pagans. It is not without reason I say, we believe as Christians, and live like Pagans; for the malice of Man is now come to that height, that many would forgive their Enemies, but dare not for fear of their Friends; for as soon as one mentions forgiving, they presently ascribe the cause rather to Cowardise, than Conscience. But let every one say what he pleases, in this Affair your Lordship has acquitted your self both like a good Christian towards God, and a good Friend towards me; and what more can be requir'd in this World, than to be faithful to ones Maker, and true to ones Friend? My Lord, as to the Memorial you sent, containing some Cases of Conscience, as likewise several Points relating to your Estate, I will look over it at leisure, and answer it with deliberation; for I must always endeavour so to give Advice, as no  
Scruple

Scruple may afterwards remain on my Conscience. He that asks Counsel, must be quick and diligent, otherwise it sometimes happens Affairs are so far gone, and in such desperate plight, that there is more need of Violence to redress, than Prudence to Preserve 'em. But, who gives advice is to take a quite contrary method, that is, be very Prudent and very Slow; for, Counsel not given with deliberation, is, for the most part, soon followed by repentance. Plato Writing to Origas the Grecian, has these Words; *My Friend Origas, you write me to advise you how to behave your self in Lycaonia, and yet on the other hand, press for a speedy answer, both which, tho you dare ask; yet, I must tell you, I cannot grant: for I'll assure you, I study much more where I am to Counsel my Friends, than when I am to Read to the Philosophers.* Counsel is to be ask'd, and given by a Man of sound Judgment, well Read, who has seen much, had Experience in the like Case, that is not concern'd, lest Malice sway him nor self-interested lest Covetousness pervert him; in short, I say, a modest and generous Person, must bestow his Money on his Friends frankly, but his Counsel maturely. Allowing these Conditions requisite in one that is to give Advice, as no doubt they are, we may boldly infer, Counselling is a thing frequently Practis'd, but very rarely understood. An unfortunate Man comes to ask Advice of his Friend, on which, perhaps, his Life, Fortune, Honour, or Conscience depends; yet this Friend, without either stirring from his place, or making

making the least reflexion, as positively directs what he is to do, as if he had found it in the Bible. I mention this, Sir, because sometimes you are angry, and fret incessantly, if I do not immediately answer your Letters, and solve your Doubts. As to what you write about *Marcus Aurelius*, all I can answer is, that I long since translated and presented it to the Emperor, tho not perfect, from whom, soon after, *Laxao* stole it; The Queen got it from *Laxao*, *Tumbas* from the Queen, *Donna Aldonza* from *Tumbas*, and your Lordship from *Donna Aldonza*; so that you have all, except his Majesty, unjustly possess the Fruits of my Labour. The News at Court is, Secretary *Cobos* is made a Favourite, the Governor of *Bresa* says nothing, *Laxao* mutters, the Admiral Writes, the Duke of *Vejar* Hoards, the Marquis de *Pliego* Games, the Marquis de *Villafranca* Bustles, Count de *Osono* Serves, Count *Siruela* Prays, Count de *Buendia* Sighs, *Gutierre Quixada* Exercises, and the Magistrate *Ronquillo* Lashes. No more, but God Bless you, and give me Grace to serve Him.

Madrid, Jan. 6.

1524.

LET.

## L E T T E R XXIV.

*To the same; wherein is hinted, that a wife  
Man ought not to trust a Woman with any  
Secret; occasion'd by Communicating a  
Letter of the Authors.*

Very Illustrious Lord and good Constable,

**D**ON Diego de Mendoza gave me your Lordship's Yesterday, written with your own Hand, and sealed with your own Seal; but, I could heartily wish you were as careful in concealing mine, as I am prudent in laying up your Letters; for, I know not whether by your Fate, or my Misfortune, I scarce ever write any thing, but what all your Family soon knows. As I am pleas'd the World should be acquainted I am your Friend, so I am likewise concern'd to have any Secret of mine disclos'd, and that chiefly, where it is any matter of moment; for, when once your Wife and Children come to understand you advise with me in your most important affairs, they will grievously complain against me, if I do not always direct you to their advantage. My Lady Dutchess lately signified to me some distaste, saying, *I opposed the business of her House of Tovarle*; but which, notwithstanding your Lordship knows, I neither so much as spoke or thought of; and I hope you will be my security, that I value my self much more



more upon perswading Men to be Generous and Vertuous, than by intermedling with their Estates. You know, my Lord, whenever you come to confession, or ask my Counsel, I always tell you, a Gentleman is oblig'd to pay what he owes, and distribute what he has; and, that it is both requisite to use conscience in Paying, and to be Prudent in Giving. If any thing more passes between us, it is below your Grandeur, and little suiting with my Authority to suffer it to be reveal'd; for, matters of so great consequence, and which, require so much secrecy, tho' we cannot altogether prevent Surmises, we may at least take care they be not thoroughly known. Your letting fall some Words, or dropping some Letter of mine, must needs be the cause my Lady Dutchess was so offended, and I do not at all wonder she should; for, neither understanding your Words, nor my Language, she might well fly into a passion till undeceiv'd. Believe me, my Lord Constable, you must never trust Women with secrets, for they will discover any thing only to gain a better reputation with the World. I look upon those Husbands less Fools that hide money from their Wives, than that trust them with Secrets; for in Money they only hazard their Fortune, but with Secrets they likewise venture their Honour. The Consul *Quintus Furius* discover'd all *Catilines* Conspiracy to *Fulvia Torquata*, a Roman Lady, who told it to a Friend of hers; and so from Hand to Hand it soon came to be known to all the City; whereby *Quintus Furius* quickly lost his Life.

Life, and *Catiline* both Life and Reputation. Hence you may collect, it is not only unfit to trust that Sex with matters of high concern, but also to discourse of 'em in their hearing; for, as it is no advantage to them to know, so it may be a great prejudice to their Husbands to have 'em known. It is not to be thought, much less said, that all Women are a-like in this particular; for many, it is well known, are Discreet, Modest, Virtuous and Close, and some Husbands so very Weak and Foolish, that it were much safer to trust the Women than such Men; Yet, without wronging the Ladies that are Discreet and can keep Counsel, to speak in general, I affirm, they are, for the most part, much fitter to Breed and Educate Children, than to be confided in. To conclude, I warn you for the future, not to talk before any Man, much less Woman, of those things we have debated and agreed upon, lest it may both occasion you Trouble and me Disgrace. There is nothing at present new at Court, only, that I am a little angry at what you did, and something astonished at what your Dutcheſs writ. Wherefore, I beseech you, as my Lord, and command you as my Godson, that you reconcile me speedily to your Lady or, instantly discharge me your Family. No more, but God preserve you, and give me Grace to serve Him.

*Valadolid, Aug. 8.*

1526.

L E T.

## LETTER XXV.

*To the same, containing many Pleasant and Profitable Remarks on Nobility of Birth, Stature of Body, Long Prayers, and Tedious Sermons; as likewise hinting the Brevity us'd by the Ancients in Writing.*

Very Illustrious Sir,

I Received your Lordship's Letter of the 30th of *September*, on the 4th of *October*, in this City of *Valladolid*, and considering the great distance betwixt us, and short time it was on the way, I am of opinion, had it been a Trout it had come fresh enough. *Pyrrhus K.* of *Epirus* was the first that invented Posts, wherein he was so extraordinary diligent, that having 3 Armies on Foot at a time, in three several Countries, and he residing at *Tarentum*, News was brought him from *Rome* in a Day, from *France* in Two, *Germany* in Three, and *Asia* in Five; so that his Messengers seemed rather to Fly than Ride. The Heart of Man is so very fond of Novelties, that the more strange and new the thing it apprehends, the more pleased and delighted it is; for, as all that is old nauseates, so what is new still provokes our Appetites the more. You that are Great have this advantage over Inferiors, that you can soon write to  
what

what place you please, and hear from thence almost as speedily: But nevertheless, I believe sometimes it so falls out, that what is brought in three Days, you would not care to have heard in three Years. There is no Pleasure, Content, nor Satisfaction in this World, but which are allayed with some inconveniencies; for, in one Day we often pay for all we have Feasted on and enjoy'd in many. My Lord, you have good reason to value your Gentleman, *Mosen Rubin*, who, I find, by the date of yours, Travell'd hard, and Slept but little; for when I received it, 'twas so very fresh, the Ink was scarce dry. You write me, to inform you what is the cause, that I, who am born of an ancient Family, am of a tall Stature, make such long Memento's at Mass, and Preach such tedious Sermons, should be so short in my Letters, especially my last from the Monastery of *Fresdelval*; which, you say, had not above Four Sentences, and Eight Lines. But, however, in this you now write, you furnish me with sufficient occasion not to be so short in my answer; therefore if I be rather tedious, impute it more to my desire to comply with you than gratifie my own wishes. As to your *Queres*; first, touching the antiquity of my Family; your Lordship well knows, my Grandfather's Name was Don *Beltran de Guevara*; my Fathers, the same; my Unkles, Don *Ladron de Guevara*; and mine, Don *Antonio de Guevara*; and, you are not likewise ignorant, there were Earls in our Family, before Kings in *Castile*. This Family of *Guevara* came formerly out

of *Britany*, and is now divided into Six distinct Houses; which are, the Count *de Onate*, at *Alava*; Don *Ladron de Guevara*, at *Valdallega*; Don *Pedro Veler de Guevara*, at *Salinas*; Don *Diego de Guevara*, at *Paradilla*; Don *Carlos de Guevara*, at *Murcia*; and Don *Beltran de Guevara*, at *Morata*; all which are Men of worth as to their Persons, though they possess but indifferent fortunes; so that is plain, those of my Family value themselves more on their antient descent, than greatness of Estates. For, a Man to be well descended from Noble Progenitors, and an antient stock, is a great addition to his Honour, and no impediment to his Salvation; For, as Infamy inclines Men to despair, Honour always stirs 'em up to mend. Christ would not come from the Tribe of *Benjamin* which was the least, but the mighty ones of *Juda*, the greatest and Noblest. There was a Law among the *Romans*, called *Prosapia*, (of Genealogies) which ordained in case there happen'd any Dispute about the Consulship; those who descended from the *Silvij*, *Torquati*, and *Fabricij* should be always preferred; and the reason was, because, they were the most Antient and Renowned Families in *Rome*. Those descended from *Lycurgus* at *Lacedemon*; *Cato* at *Utica*; *Agessilaus* in *Licaonia*, and *Thucidides* in *Galatia* did not only enjoy especial Privileges in their own Countries, but were also honour'd by all Nations; and that, not so much for Merit of the the Living, as Deserts of their Ancestors, the Dead. It was also a

Law establish'd in *Rome*, that none of the Race of the *Tarquini*, *Escauri*, *Catilini*, *Fabati*, and *Bitini* should ever have any Command, or so much as live within the Walls of that City; and this, only in hatred to King *Tarquin*, the Consul *Escaurus*, Tyrant *Catiline*, Censor *Fabatus*, and Traytor *Bitinus*; all who, had been great Oppressors and Enemies of their Country. This I have thought fit to mention, My Lord, in regard it is a great shame to be Vicious when well Descended; when on the contrary, To be both well Born and Act well is a great Honour; for Men are altogether unlike Wine, which, sometimes tastes of the Cask, and sometimes of the Grape. Valour never to fly, Generosity in giving, Modesty in speaking, Resolution in daring, and Easiness in forgiving, are Qualities and Virtues seldom met with in base Extraction, whilst they are very common amongst Honourable Families. As the World now goes, when every body is prying into, and over-looking his Neighbours Concerns, methinks it is a great happiness to be well descended; for he will still have something to value himself upon, when others may want the contrary, to upbraid him with. You say, My Lord, that of Body I am tall, slender, and very straight; upon which Properties I may rather boast, than think the worse of my self: for tall, dry, and straight Timber is always most esteem'd, and sold dearest. Had bigness of Body been displeasing to God, he would never have made *Pallas* the *Numidian*,  
Her-



*Hercules* the Grecian, *Milo* the Italian, *Sampson* the Hebrew, *Pindar* the Theban, *Hemionius* the Corinthian, nor *Goliath* the Philistian; all who were of such vast and prodigious Bulks, that others, in comparison, look'd like Locusts. The first King of *Israel*, from the Shoulders upwards, was taller than any in his Kingdom. *Julius Cæsar* was tall and lean, tho not over Beautiful. Of the Emperor *Augustus* it is said, he was so very tall, he gather'd Fruit from high Trees standing on the Ground. It is also Recorded of *Sylla*, that he us'd to stoop at all Doors he came in at. *Livy* relates, *Scipio Africanus* was so large of Stature, that as none equall'd him in Courage, so no body exceeded him in Height. *Plutarch* writes of *Alexander* the Great, that according to the Grandeur of his Heart, the World seem'd to have enough in him, and he thought all the World too little for him. Of two Inconveniencies, to be tall or very short, the least is that of the former, since a long Coat is soon cut shorter, when that which is too short can never be pieced, without being scandalous. *Alonso Enriquez*, *Alvar Gomez*, *Salaya*, *Valderravano*, and *Figueroa*, are all Men of small Stature, but no small Courage; when-ever I meet them about Court, they seem to be always Proud, Peevish, and Angry, but which I do not at all wonder at, since little Chimneys are soonest apt to smoak. I met t'other day in the Monastery *De los Toros de Guifardo*, with a very little Fryar, who because I call'd him three

times successively, chid me very severely; whereupon I told him, *he had but very little Patience*; To which he furlily answer'd, *I had much less good Manners*; I intreated him earnestly to give me some Drink, and cease Chiding; To which he answer'd, *Though you see me, you do not know me, and I must inform you, so little as you think me, yet I am as hard as Steel, and if such great unweildly Fellows as you speak to me by day, they as certainly dream of me at night*; for I was measur'd but lately, and my Heart seem'd to be by five yards longer than my Body. To this I replied, *It is very requisite Father, your Heart should be five yards in length, since your whole Body is not above two cubits and half in height*. Upon this, indeed, the Frier gave over quarrelling, yet left me without my Drink. Believe me, My Lord, short Peices is soonest burst, small Towns are easiest besieg'd, many People drown'd in shallow Seas, more lost in narrow Ways, streight Cloaths soonest rent, little Men are soonest angry, and small Beasts not so strong or graceful as large; For the Elephant, Dromedary, Ox, Buffalo, and Horse, being great and bulky Creatures, are also serviceable in their Kinds; when the Flea, Mouse, Lizard, Fly, and Grasshopper only molest, and are of no use to us at all. You also upbraided me, My Lord, with being too tedious at Mass, and making long Memento's; Whereupon I assure your Lordship, if I am long at Mass, you also are not over-sparing of Talking: for I have often heard you begin a Discourse, which I have never

never yet dar'd stay to see ended. I always endeavour to suit the Memento's of my Mals to the Sins of my Life, and think it but Reason, where I Offend so much, I should not Pray a little. The Creator and Redeemer of the World was moderate in all things, except Prayer, but in that he spent much time; which appears by his Orizons in the Garden of *Gethsemani*, where the heavier the Agony grew, the longer and more earnestly he Pray'd. — Your Lordship also complains, my Sermons are Long and Tiresom; To which I answer, no Sermon can possibly be so, where the Hearers assist rather like Christians than Criticks. I remember last *Lent*, when I was with your Lordship, some *Salmons of Penamela* were presented you, which you said were good, but very small, so that I find, my Lord, a Salmon can never be long enough, nor Sermon too short for you. It is now Eight and thirty years since I first came to this Court, where I have known every thing encrease, except Sermons, which always continue at one stay: The reason, I suppose, being, that more time is spent in Eating, more allow'd for Sleeping, Cloaths take up more Cloth, Garments are more costly, and Men more Vicious; in fine, no bounds are prescrib'd to talking any thing else, only a Sermon must not exceed an hour. As to what your Lordship says of my shortness in Writing, I answer, That in my Opinion there needs nothing to Talk well but a quick Wit, where a great deal of Judgment is re-

quir'd to Write so ; for to know whether a Man have Sense or be Mad, there can be no better trial than putting a pair of Spurs on his Heels, or Pen into his Hand. I confess I am generally larger in every thing than Writing, which I do not repent of, since I can recall a Word spoken, but can never deny my Hand. To speak any thing silly, is heedless ; but to put ones Hand to it, extream folly. *Salust* says, if *Catiline* and his Accomplices had not signed the Conspiracy, tho accused, they could never have been condemned ; by which it appears, the Pen kills sometimes as well as the Sword. If *Laertius*, *Plutarch*, *Pliny*, *Vergilius*, *Vulpicius*, and *Eutropius*, do not deceive us in their Histories, many Poets, Orators, Philosophers, Kings, and Great Men, in former Ages, were very copious in Discourse, but at the same time exceeding brief and correct in Writing. *Cæsar*, in a Letter writ to *Rome* from the *Persian War*, had only these Words, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*. *Augustus* Writing to his Nephew *Cajus Drusus*, says only, Now you are in *Illirium*, remember you are one of the *Cæsars*, were sent by the Senate, are young, my Nephew, and a Citizen of *Rome*. *Tiberius* writ to his Brother *Germanicus* in this manner, The Temples are Venerated, Gods Served, the Senate is Unanimous, Commonwealth Prosperous, *Rome* Healthy, Fortune Favourable, and the Year Plentiful ; This is what occurs in *Italy*, the same we wish to you in *Asia*. *Cicero* writes to *Cornelius* thus, Rejoyce that I am not sick, and I shall be glad to hear you are well. Divine *Plato* writing from  
Athens

*Athens to Dionysius*, has only these Words ; *To kill your Brother, impose new Forces, oppress your People, forget your Friends, and to be an Enemy to Phocio, are actions that savour of a Tyrant.* Pompey the Great writ from the East to the Senate after this manner ; *Damascus is taken, Pentapolis subdued, Syria made a Colony, Arabia become Confederate, and Palestine Conquered.* The Consul *Anneus Sylvius* writing of the Battle of *Pharsalia* to Rome, says, *Cæsar overcame, Pompey died, Rufus fled, Cato kill'd himself, the Dictatorship is at an end, and Liberty lost.* This, My Lord, was the Method used by the Ancients in Writing to their Familiar Friends, so that where their Brevity is worthy to be imitated, our Tedioufness ought to be no less Censur'd. God keep you, and give me Grace to Serve him.

*Valladolid, Oct. 8.*

1525.

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F I N I S.





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# THE TABLE.

## LETTER I.

**T**O Messer Perepollastre, *an Italian, the Author's Friend; exposing a Calumny cast upon him, and defending his Innocence.* Page 1.

## LET. II.

*To Dr. Melgar, a Physician; in which are handled the good and harm occasion'd by his Profession, together with the Progress and several Interruptions of that Art; as also the Author's thoughts of it from its first Original.* p. 11.

## LET. III.

*To a Lady, the Author's Niece, who fell sick for*

## The Table.

*for the Death of a little Bitch.* P. 32.

### L E T. IV.

*To the Magistrate Nunnio Tellio, concerning the Qualifications of a true Friend.* P. 38.

### L E T. V.

*To the Abbot of Monserrat; in which he treats of the Oratories of the Ancients, together with some few Reflections on the Court.* P. 43.

### L E T. VI.

*To a particular Friend of the Author's, advising him not to be covetous and griping, illustrated with severe Reflections on that Vice.* P. 48.

### L E T. VII.

*To Don Henrique Henriquez; in answer to several pleasant questions.* P. 55.

L E T.

# The Table.

## L E T. VIII.

*To the Duke of Alva; of Sickness and its Benefits.* p. 60.

## L E T. IX.

*To Don John Parelloso; that we may be serviceable to Women in their Husband's absence, but are not to visit 'em.* p. 65.

## L E T. X.

*To Don Hernando de Toledo; concerning what the Egyptians were wont to do for their dead Friends.* p. 69.

## L E T. XI.

*To Dr. Coronel, his familiar Friend; in Answer to some Demands.* p. 74.

## L E T. XII.

*To Don Pedro Giron; in which the Author gives some hints of the Ancients manner of writing; but chiefly consisting of Familiar Reflections on a bad Scribe.* p. 77.

L E T.

# The Table.

## L E T. XIII.

*To Don Alonzo Manriquez, Arch-bishop of Seville, and Don Antonio Manriquez, Duke of Najara; upon their choosing him to decide a controversie between them; wherein he wittily exposes their Ignorance, declares which was Numantia, and which Saguntum; and moreover, relates both Origin and Destruction of the former.*

p. 85.

## L E T. XIV.

*To Don Alonso de Albornoz; shewing it sign of ill breeding not to answer a Letter; also laying down the dangers of Matrimony; and likewise, containing some pleasant News from Court. The whole embellish'd with biting Raileries and serious Reflections.*

p. 97.

## L E T. XV.

*To Don Diego de Camina; how all Men are subject to Envy.*

p. 103.

L E T.

# The Table.

## L E T. XVI.

*To Don John de Moncada ; Describing  
Anger, and Extolling Patience. p. 108.*

## L E T. XVII.

*To the Ambassador Don Geronimo Vique ;  
shewing the illeffects of over-much liberty.  
p. 116.*

## L E T. XVIII.

*To Dr. Micerfumier, Regent of Naples ;  
in answer to several Moral Questions.  
p. 122.*

## L E T. XIX.

*To the Governor Don Lewis Bravo ; occa-  
sion'd by his falling in Love in his old Age :  
being a familiar Satyr on such fruitless  
attempts ; as likewise a serious warning to  
all Old Men not to go beyond their strength.  
p. 129.*

L E T.

# The Table.

## L E T. XX.

*To the same ; concerning the Qualities requir'd in an Old Man ; As also, how difficult it is to remove Love from a Heart, where it has once taken root ; Nevertheless prescribing some few Remedies against it.*

P. 135.

## L E T. XXI.

*To Don Alonso Espinel Corregidor of Oviedo, a very Neat and Pleasant old Gentleman ; wherein the Author hints, how much the Ancients always honoured Age ; together with several Priviledges peculiar to old People ; exceeding pleasant, and no less Reforming.*

P. 144.

## L E T. XXII.

*To Don Antonio de Zuniga, Prior of St. John's ; informing him, that though a Gentleman be subject to Failings, he ought to be guilty of nothing Dishonourable ; With several Encomiums on this Prior's Valour in his Command at the Siege of Toledo : As likewise a Promise to recommend his Prowess to Posterity.*

L E T.



R 47

# The Table.

## L E T. XXIII.

*To Don Ignigo de Velasco, Constable of Castile; shewing, that Anger and Passion ought never to be permitted to reign in the Heart of a Man of Honour; condemning communicating Letters; Instructing how and when to Advise; And lastly, Writing some Jocosse News from Court.*

p. 167.

## L E L. XXIV.

*To the same; wherein is hinted, that a wise Man ought never to trust a Woman with a Secret; occasion'd by Communicating a Letter of the Authors.*

p. 172.

## L E T. XXV.

*To the same, containing many Pleasant and Profitable Remarks on Nobility of Birth, Stature of Body, Long Prayers, and Tedious Sermons; as likewise hinting the Brevity us'd by the Ancients in Writing.*

p. 175.

F I N I S.